

Semi-Monthly.

No.

BEADLE'S
NOVELS

Novel Series.

25.

DIME NOVELS



OVERBOARD.

BEADLE & CO., 118 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.
American News Co., 121 Nassau St., N. Y.

THIS GEM OF SONG BOOKS

Contains 64 pages, finely printed in a clear-faced pearl type, on beautiful paper. Its contents embrace a splendid list of the BEST SONGS OF THE TIMES, drawn from the catalogues of the leading music publishers.

5 BEADLE'S 5

DIME



POCKET SONGSTER
No. 5.

New York :
BEADLE AND COMPANY,
Gen'l Dime Book Publishers.

A Vest-Pocket Companion!

It is *particularly portable*—being readily carried in any ordinary porte-monnaie or vest pocket, or lady's card-case. It is, therefore, *very available*, and will be sent to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price—TEN CENTS.

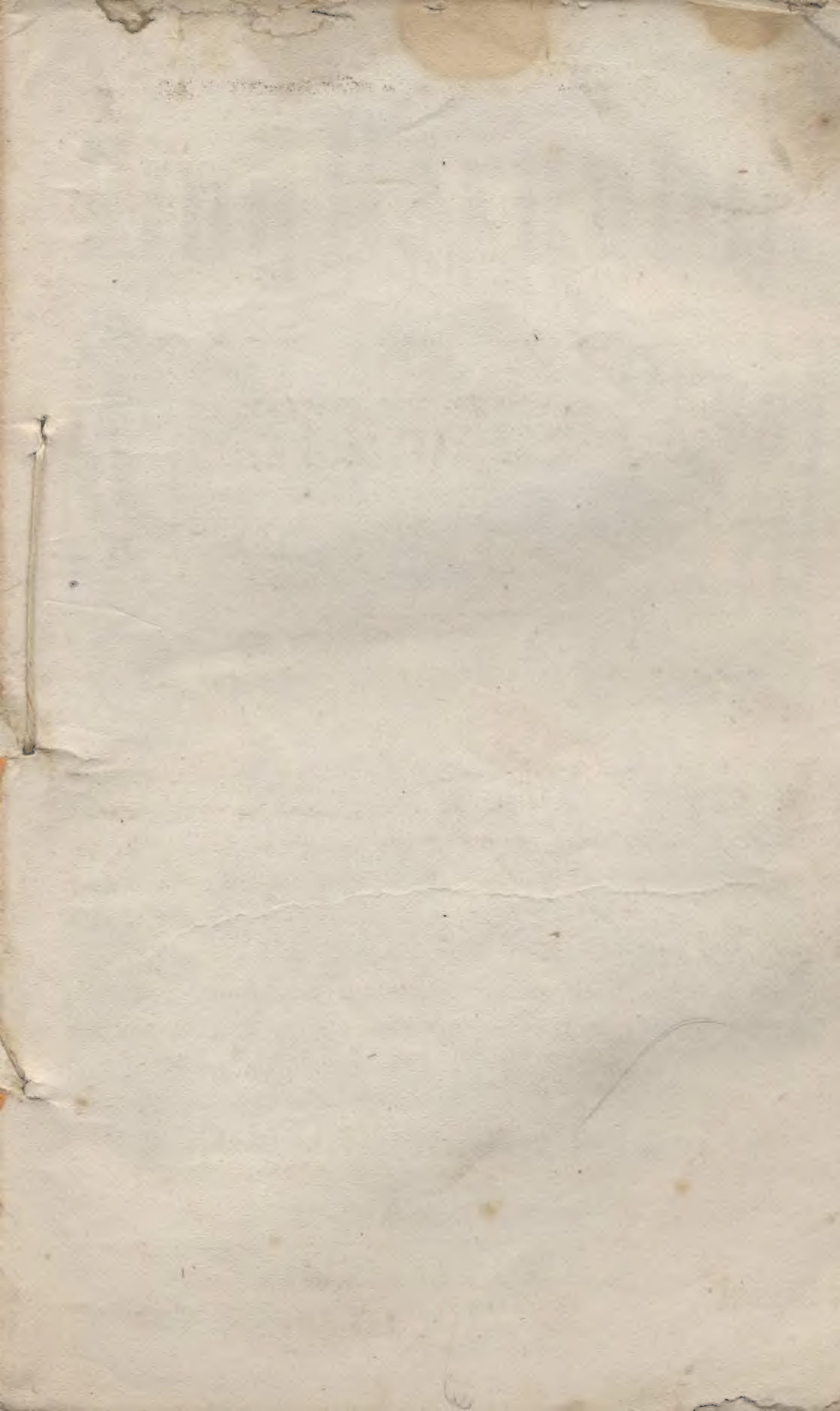
SONG BOOK No. 19.

This number will contain, among other much sought for songs, the following choice *copyrights*, which no other song book is permitted to use:

"DEAR FATHER, COME DOWN WITH THE STAMPS,"
"Meet me in the Lane, Love," "Bother the Flies," "Cot in the Corner,"
"I'll Never Forget Thee, Dear Mary," "As You Like it Skirt," "There's
no Time like the Old Time," "The Old Family Clock," "Little Lizzie Lee,"
"Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by," "Is that Croquet?" "I Come, my Child, I
Come," (reply to "Come Home, Father,") "I'm a Twin," "I Loved Him at
First Sight," "The Dutch Barber," "Independent Girl," "Isn't it Provok-
ing?" "Come Home, Mother," "The Birth of Green Erin," "The Hole in
the Garden Wall," etc., etc., being a collection of nearly

SIXTY POPULAR SONGS,

Sung at Kelly and Leon's Opera House and San Francisco Minstrels, New York, Hooley's Minstrels, Brooklyn, Carncross', Philadelphia, and at the popular concerts of Mad'me Parepa, Sig. Brignoli, Mrs. Howard Paul, Mrs. John Wood, the Hutchinson Family, etc., etc.





OVERBOARD;

OR,

THE DOUBLE CRUISE.

(.98 .67)

A TALE OF THE JAPAN SEA WHALING GROUNDS.

BY ROGER STARBUCK,

AUTHOR OF "MAD SKIPPER," "CAST AWAY," ETC.

NEW YORK:
BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
118 WILLIAM STREET.

THE LIBRARY

20

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by
BEADLE AND COMPANY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

(No. 99.)

OVERBOARD.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG GUARDIAN.

"THERE, it's all ready," cried Jessie Howard, gleefully, as she pulled the table-cloth; "won't he be glad to find such a nice supper waiting for him?"

The speaker was a young girl of fourteen, with soft, but spirited brown eyes, smooth, round cheeks, a neat, graceful figure and diminutive feet, incased in morocco boots. She wore a little silk apron, which, though somewhat faded, was the most becoming thing in the world with its two frilled pockets in front, and its strings tied in a pretty knot behind.

She was alone in the humbly-furnished room of a house situated near the corner of — street, New Bedford, Massachusetts. From the front windows of the apartment could be seen the tall masts and rigging of the vessels anchored near the wharf, and also the forms of a number of men at work on the yards of some of the ships.

As Jessie spoke, the clock on the mantel proclaimed the hour of six, and going to the window, the young girl saw one of the workmen alluded to waving his cap to her.

Returning the salute with her handkerchief, she tripped down-stairs, and opening the hall-door, glanced up the street—a pretty smile of expectation dimpling the corners of her mouth.

Soon, a quick, firm tread sounded along the pavement, a fine-looking youth of eighteen, wearing the garb of a rigger, came in sight, and, a minute later, held both hands of the fair Jessie in his own.

"There, Jessie!" he exclaimed, tossing his head like a young Newfoundland dog. "Isn't this quick work? It is only a few minutes since I waved my cap to you!"

"Poor Jack," she replied, "I don't wonder you were in a hurry. You must feel very hungry, after working so hard all day."

"It wasn't that that hurried me so much," he answered, as he followed her up-stairs. "No, my child, it was—"

"Hold!" she playfully interrupted, turning and shaking a finger at him. "You promised not to call me 'child' any longer. Yesterday was my fourteenth birthday; please remember *that!*"

"But it comes so naturally," he replied. "I have been your guardian now for four years, and have learnt to look upon you as my daughter. Nay, even when your uncle died and left you to my care—young as I then was—I felt a fatherly interest in you, and so I suppose I shall continue to feel toward you as long as I live."

Jessie pouted mischievously and tapped the floor with the heel of one of her little boots.

"Oh, you will, will you?" she exclaimed; and he then drew himself up with such a comical air of parental authority that she clapped her hands and laughed quite merrily.

"What are you laughing at? Haven't I been a father to you ever since you were left to my charge?"

"You are a dear, good Jack!" she replied, "and I respect you. But, somehow—I don't know why, though I suppose it is because you are so young—you don't seem like a father to me. It's very droll, isn't it?—instead of feeling like your daughter, I feel more as if I were your little mother."

"Ho! ho! ho! And you four years younger than I am!"

"We will change the subject," she said, with womanly dignity. "Sit down and eat your supper."

And she poured out his tea.

While he was sweetening it, she uncovered a large dish in the middle of the table, watching him, meanwhile, very slyly out of the corners of her eyes.

"Lamb and peas!" he exclaimed, his face becoming radiant. "Why, what a nice little housekeeper you are, Jessie!"

"I knew you'd like them," she said, with a bright smile.

"Yes, but what a world of trouble it must have cost you to cook such a meal!"

"And you can say that, my noble Jack—you who work so

hard for me. You who were obliged to leave school in your fourteenth year, in order to labor for my support!"

" You make too much of it, Jessie. Your uncle died poor, leaving you to my charge. Being your only living relative—your third or fourth cousin, I could never make out which—I did nothing more than my duty when I left the boarding-school in which my parents had placed me, before their death, in order to go to work. It isn't worth speaking of; and now, to change the subject, have you finished reading those books I brought you?"

" Yes, and I found them delightful; they were so interesting, so full of useful information."

" Well, then, I have ordered some more."

" Oh, you noble-hearted Jack!"

" You will need them to wile away the time when I am absent."

" What?"

" While I am away. I am going on a whaling voyage."

" You are jesting," she said, turning very pale.

" No, I'm in earnest. You see, Captain Bluff has offered me the situation of fourth mate in the "Walrus." It's a lucky ship, and I shall earn lots of money. When I come home, I can buy you plenty of dresses, bonnets and all that sort of thing; perhaps I shall be able to purchase a nice little house for you to live in. While I am absent, you will board with our neighbor who has taken such a liking to you; the young widow, Mrs. Gray."

" Oh, Jack, dear Jack!"

And she burst into tears.

" Why, bless your little heart, Jessie, don't grieve about it. I shall come home in three or four years."

" But you may be taken sick; you may be killed or—or—oh! there are a thousand dreadful things that might happen to you."

" Well now, I didn't expect that of you; I thought you'd bear it better," cried Jack, the tears starting to his own eyes. " In reality, I'll not be in danger any more than if I staid ashore. And just think of my being able with my earnings—"

" Who will take care of you if you should be sick?" she mournfully interrupted.

"I am never sick. You know I'm always in health. I shall have no bad feelings except what will be caused by my parting with you. *That* will make me heavy-hearted for awhile, I own. If I *should* happen to be sick, there's the captain's wife, a very kind-hearted woman, and quite a doctress, they tell me. She is going with her husband."

Jessie wiped her eyes, her face brightened; she even smiled.

"Now then, that's what I call behaving like a brave girl!" cried Jack. "You've got over your grief, and I'm glad of it."

Nevertheless, there was a shade of disappointment in his tone.

"You have concluded that I was jesting, perhaps," he said, after a moment's pause, noticing that she still seemed quite happy and contented.

"No," she answered, calmly, "I feel sure you are in earnest."

"The vessel sails a week from to-day."

"So soon?"

She said this with a quiet smile.

"You seem to take the matter easy enough *now!*" he exclaimed.

"And why should I not?"

"True enough, *child*, why should you not?"

"I shall continue to be your 'little mother,' as I am now, for I intend to go with you!"

"Oh!" and his face brightened.

"The captain's wife being a friend of ours, will let me go with her, I'm sure."

But Jack now shook his head.

"The sea is no place for you, Jessie. You must not go. The storms, the cold and hot weather, the—"

"Not another word!" she interrupted, smiling, and holding up her little finger. "I *will* go!"

"Disobedient child!"

"Yes, I must go, so as to be on hand to sew the buttons on your jacket when they come off."

"But, Jessie, you may have to endure hardship. There's no knowing what may happen."

"I can endure it as well as the captain's wife. In fact,"

she added, assuming a very dignified air, "what will a mother *not* endure for the sake of an only son?"

Jack opened his eyes very wide; then he leaned back in his chair, and laughed long and loud.

"You shall go," he said. "Ay, ay, you shall go. I don't know how I could get along without you; you amuse me so much."

CHAPTER II.

A QUARREL.

Mrs. BLUFF, the captain's wife, being applied to, said she should be very glad of Jessie's company in the ship; so the young girl proceeded at once to make the necessary preparations for the voyage.

She and Jack were ready in good time.

On the morning of the 10th of July, 18—, the Walrus was towed clear of the wharf; at noon, she went bowling out of the harbor before a spanking breeze; at eight bells, the dog-watch, she plunged into the broad Atlantic.

The pilot who had come off in the ship now took his leave; the sail of his boat soon became a mere speck in the distance.

"Set the main-royal, and the main-topmast studding-sail, Mr. Winthrop!" said the captain, turning to Jack, who was at present officer of the watch.

"Ay, ay, sir!" and he gave the order.

"A smart lad, that fourth mate," remarked an old sailor, named Tom Blake, as the men jumped to obey. "Nothing of the puppy about him."

"Ay, ay, Tom," was the answer, "he knows his business, though he's rather young for an officer."

"On the whole, mates, I think we've got into a good craft," continued Blake. "The skipper seems of the right stuff, and they say his wife's an angel. As to that other wee thing that they call Jessie, she puts me in mind of a canary bird. She's looking at us, now."

In fact, with the natural curiosity of her sex, Jessie had perched herself upon a spar lashed to the bulwarks, in order to see what was going on. By her side stood the captain's wife—a pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, with blue eyes and auburn hair, and behind them both, the skipper—a sturdy, broad-shouldered, weather-beaten fellow, wearing a green pea-jacket and pants of canvas duck.

"Oh, isn't he a nice old man," muttered Jessie, alluding to sailor Tom. "Who'd think a man of his age could go aloft so fast. He must be nearly fifty-eight."

Mrs. Bluff glanced toward the main-rigging to see the old sailor running aloft like a cat, with the end of the studding-sail halliards. He was rather queer looking, with a big, round head, and a form bearing some resemblance to a marline-spike. His gray hair falling in natural ringlets about his temples, looked like the twisted strands of as many little ropes, and his eyes protruding from his head, resembled those of a locust.

Darting aloft, as mentioned, with the halliards secured around his breast, beneath the armpits, he had gained the cross-trees, when the captain ordered him to lay out on the top-gallant yard, and "do up" a gasket which had got loosened.

Accordingly, the old sailor lowered himself to the foot-rope, and sliding out to the weather-end of the yard, he was on the point of seizing the gasket, when a sudden roll of the ship pitched him headlong from his position.

The two females shrieked; a hoarse cry of alarm burst from the other spectators; but the next moment, they beheld poor Tom dangling about ten feet below the yard, by the studding-sail halliards, a bight of which had caught around the end of the spar.

There he hung, swaying to and fro, almost a hundred feet above the deck, and unable to regain the yard, owing to the tightness of the rope about his elbows. The bight above was liable to slip off, any moment, in which case he must be dashed to death upon the deck, as he was too far inboard to strike the sea.

Thirty-three pairs of eyes watched this living pendulum swinging so far aloft; a fearful shudder crept through every nerve; the suspense was terrible.

"Get hold of the rope and draw yourself up," shouted the skipper, from the waist.

"I can't do it," was the answer; "the rope has caught around my arms."

"Ay, ay, God help him," exclaimed Bluff, "I don't see what we can do to save him. If we try to haul him up, the halliards will slip around his neck or over his head."

As he spoke, he saw Jack pick up a long piece of rope, and take a running bowline hitch at one end.

Then he sprung into the rigging, ordering three or four men to follow him.

"What are you going to do?" queried the captain. "You can't throw that bight over Tom's head. The halliards are in the way."

"I know it; you shall see how I shall throw it, sir, when I get aloft."

So saying, the young sailor darted swiftly up the ratlines, and was soon near the end of the top-gallant yard. Leaning over the spar, he lowered the bight he had formed, about ten feet, when, by a dexterous jerk of the rope, he slipped the bowline over the legs of the imperiled sailor. Afterward, he drew upon it until it rose and tautened beneath the man's armpits.

"God bless you," exclaimed the old tar, gratefully, "I'm as good as saved, now."

The men below testified their approbation of this remarkable maneuver with cheer upon cheer; and tears of pleasure rose to Jessie's eyes.

Jack and his companions now pulled lustily upon the rope, and soon had the satisfaction of helping Blake to the yard. Soon after, he was on deck, shaking hands with every man in the ship.

"I feel more proud of you than ever, son Jack," said Jessie, half an hour later, when the young man came to her side. "You are a nice, noble animal."

"Thank you. And now you had better go below, as the spray begins to fly over the quarter, and you may get wet."

"Are you coming below, too?"

"Not yet; it is my watch on deck."

She moved toward the companion-way, when a sudden

lurching of the vessel caused her to stagger; and she would have fallen, had not Mr. Warren, the second mate, who just then emerged from the cabin, supported her with outstretched arms. He was a handsome young fellow of twenty-one, and the color deepened on Jessie's cheek as she thanked him and passed on.

Jack felt as if a knife had pricked his heart. Something in his glance, as it encountered Warren's, made the latter curl his lip. They had never before met, and yet they disliked each other, at once, as if they had been enemies for years.

So far as personal appearance was concerned, a greater difference could not have existed between two of the male sex. The second mate was of middling stature, slender, but compactly built, with dark eyes, full of fire and daring. His black hair curled closely around a well-formed head; while his full but firmly-closed lips and wide nostrils, betokened strength of will and force of character. He looked like a man who would move mountains to carry out a project once formed—who would not be turned aside either by danger, entreaty, or the voice of love.

Jack, on the contrary, though resolution was stamped upon every feature of his frank, honest face, gave the impression that he might be made to yield through his affections.

He was tall, broad shouldered, blue eyed, and full of *magnetism*.

Turning abruptly, after the two had surveyed each other in silence for several moments, the second mate moved to the binnacle and looked at the compass. Then he walked to the waist and directed a quick, scrutinizing glance aloft. Every thing was as it should be in that quarter; but, as his practiced gaze swept downward, along the intricate lengths of running rigging, he suddenly frowned and stamped the deck impatiently. The studding-sail halliards were secured to a pin so close to that containing those of the topsail that great inconvenience might result from it. Such carelessness, naturally enough, provoked the temper of a man who had been bred to the ocean from his childhood, and who, like all thorough seamen, was fond of neatness and order on shipboard.

"Who belayed those halliards?" he inquired, in a quick, stern voice, glancing forward among the men as he spoke.

"I did," answered sailor Tom, approaching.

"I wouldn't have believed it," said Warren, scrutinizing the man from head to foot. "You look too much the sailor to perform such a lubberly trick."

"It was accordin' to orders, sir," answered Blake, coloring deeply.

"And who ordered it?"

"I did," answered a clear voice behind him, and he turned to confront Jack Winthrop. "I did, because the captain ordered me to. The *proper* pin is rotten."

"It was a lubberly order, at any rate; one, I should have refused to obey."

"I always obey my captain, sir."

"More the fool you, then. If my captain tells me to do what I know to be wrong, I disobey him."

"If a crime, or any thing of that sort, of course; but—"

"No, no, even in such a matter as the belaying of a rope. Suppose a squall should come on and we were in a hurry to let go either of these halliards—don't you perceive they would be apt to get foul owing to their being so close together?"

"Ay, ay, but that's the captain's look-out. If *he* tells us to belay 'em that way it is our duty to obey him, as he's master of his own ship."

"No, I say, a thousand times *no*; at any rate I don't think so; and to prove it, I'll now take the studding-sail halliards off this pin and belay them where they belong."

"But, the other pin is rotten. Besides, I feel bound to see that the halliards are not disturbed. You must get permission from the captain to remove them before you attempt to do so."

"Nothing of the sort. I shall remove them, as it is, in spite of you or fifty captains."

"You shall not, sir!"

"I would advise you to keep cool, boy. You forget that I am your superior officer!"

"You must let the halliards remain where they are, notwithstanding."

The black eyes of the second mate flashed defiance. He smiled contemptuously, and laid his hand on the rope to remove it; but Jack seized his wrist firmly and pushed the hand

aside. Instantly, a dark flush swept over the face of Warren; he dealt the other a sharp, stinging blow on the cheek.

Jack returned it with one of equal force, and the next moment, the two men closed in a fierce struggle.

The younger was, perhaps, the more powerful; but the other, in addition to his being strong and lithe, was a more skillful wrestler; and, owing to a quick temper, which had drawn him into many pugilistic encounters during his sea-life, was more experienced in the use of his fists. Hence, it followed that Jack was suddenly hurled backward with considerable force by an unexpected maneuver; but, dragging his antagonist with him, both fell through the open hatchway, into the main hold; the second mate uppermost. Neither was much hurt by the fall, and seizing Jack by the throat, while his knee was pressed firmly upon his chest, the second mate raised his clenched fist as if to strike. Had he done so, the blow would have stunned the prostrate youth; perhaps it would have disfigured him for life. But Warren suddenly seemed to recollect himself, and muttering even in the midst of his wrath: "No, no; I will not strike the man while down," he sprung to his feet.

Up rose Jack, cheeks and eyes flaming, ready to renew the combat, when the captain, who had been slyly informed of what was going on by the steward, jumped into the hold and interposed.

"Avast, there!" he exclaimed, glancing from one to the other; "this is against the rules. There must be no fighting in my ship. What's it all about?" he added, turning to Jack.

The latter remained silent. He scorned tale-bearing; besides which, it seemed to him that an explanation on his part might impress his antagonist with the belief that he (Jack) thought it necessary to win the support of the captain.

Warren seemed to guess his thoughts; a half-smile of approval rippled his cheek. He faced the captain and gave a truthful account of the cause of the quarrel.

"Jack was in the right," said the skipper, "and you, Mr. Warren, were altogether wrong. It is your duty to respect my orders, and respect them you shall; or else I shall have to put you ashore."

"I can never respect such an order as that concerning the studding-sail halliards!"

"Say you *will* not!"

"Of course, that was what I meant."

"Very well, then, the matter is settled. This obstinacy of yours amounts almost to mutiny. I shall put you ashore at one of the Western Islands. Go below and consider your name as crossed off the ship's books."

"Ay, ay, sir!" and bowing haughtily, the second mate passed into the cabin.

The captain kept his word. Warren was put ashore at Fial, a month after the incidents described. While the boat in which he had been conveyed from the ship was being hoisted to the "cranes," Jack, chancing to pass Jessie who stood near the companion-way, noticed that her eyes were red as if from weeping.

She averted her head as he glanced toward her, and he passed on, grinding his teeth.

"Ay, ay, she is thinking of *him*," he muttered. "I could see that she liked him from the first, with his black eyes and musical voice. Now that he's gone, I suppose she'll pine for him!"

The Walrus lay off and on the Western Islands for three days, during the greater part of which time her decks were crowded with the Portuguese who had come off in boats laden with fowls, pigs, fruit, potatoes and cheese, to trade with the seamen. Most of these traders were lean, cadaverous, and poorly clad. They seemed very glad to exchange their "goods" for wearing apparel, salt junk and sea-biscuits. The men loaded their chests with the little round cheeses offered for sale; and the captain filled the two bins aft with potatoes and onions, in order to guard against the scurvy. Several hogs were also purchased, to provide the cabin-table with fresh pork, occasionally, and the foremast hands with that much-prized dish called "sea-pie."

While Jack was ordering the carpenter to prepare a pen for the animals, he heard a gentle but doleful squealing behind him, and turned to confront old Tom, who held closely pressed to his bosom a little snow-white guinea-pig, with soft, bright eyes, and ears like pink shells.

"If you please, lad, I present you this animal with my 'complements.'"

And he put it into Jack's arms.

"Halloo! what's this for? Where did you get it?"

"It's for you, thinking you'd like to give it to Miss Jessie. She'll like the little creatur', I know. I bought it of an old Portuguese who has just left the ship."

"Many thanks, friend Blake. She will be delighted with it, I've no doubt."

And hurrying aft, he presented the treasure to the young girl, who had just come up from the cabin with the captain's wife.

"Why, what a nice cunning little 'stupid!'" she exclaimed, laughing gleefully. "Where *did* it come from?"

He explained; and the pig was petted and caressed by the two females, who bestowed upon it all the endearing epithets they could think of.

"We will call it 'Tom,' in honor of the giver," said Jessie, "and I shall make a nice little house for it out of my work-box."

'Tom' expressed his satisfaction with a musical squeal, and a grateful glance of his bright eyes, and so his mistress took him below to prepare his quarters.

An hour after, Captain Bluff squared his yards, and, with a fair wind, the vessel went bowling along on a course which in good time carried her to her first cruising-ground off the Rio de la Plata. Here she remained for a few months, during which time a couple of whales were captured and tried out.

Four months later, the ship rounded Cape Horn, after losing her fore-topmast and jib-boom in a heavy gale. She put into San Carlos for repairs. Thence she sailed for the Arctic ocean, and in due course of time passed through Bhering's Straits. On the third of November, seven months after, she entered the port of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, with eight hundred barrels of oil. Her next cruise, performed in the Okhotsk sea, was more lucky than the first. She captured thirty whales, yielding fifteen hundred barrels: so that her cargo now amounted to twenty-three hundred. Only seven hundred more were required to fill the ship.

"And now, ho, for the Japan sea!" exclaimed Bluff, after he had recruited for the second time at the Sandwich Islands. "Our cruise will be a short one if we look sharp, after which we can sing and whistle, "Homeward bound!"

CHAPTER III.

A MID-SEA RECOGNITION.

IT was about six bells (three o'clock) in the afternoon watch. The Walrus lay becalmed about fifteen miles to windward of the Peninsula of Corea, in the Japan Sea. Her owners would scarcely have recognized their vessel, so much was her appearance changed by the heavy gales, the seas and the drifting ice with which she had battled during the voyage. Her sails were patched in many places, her yards were seamed with ugly-looking cracks, and her three weather-beaten masts looked like grim sentinels set to watch the sky for signs of a tempest. Her once smooth decks were chipped and scarred by the frequent rolling of heavy casks over them; and the bulwarks, though they had been carefully washed, still bore the stains of smoke and oil caused by trying out. Her sides were streaked with rust, and every time she rolled she disclosed masses of green seaweed and queer-looking barnacles, clinging to her timbers, even above the water-line.

Aloft, her careful look-outs, leaning from the cross-trees, were now eagerly scanning the surface of the sea with keen, practiced glances; while below, the watch forward, wearing curious caps and shoes of seal-skins, lounged about the windlass and fore-hatch, smoking, reading, sewing, or carving images out of wood and whalebone.

On the quarter-deck, to leeward, stood Jessie Howard, looking toward the coast; and to windward, the captain, glass in hand, watching a second whaleship that lay about four miles distant, off the weather-bow. In the waist, the carpenter was repairing a boat which had been stoven by a right whale a few days before; and Jack Winthrop, now third mate, was

seated near him, serving a rope, while he occasionally directed a swift, admiring glance toward the young girl on the quarter-deck.

Two years had given a more womanly grace to her beautiful form, and touched her eyes and cheeks with a deeper hue. She was still full of life and spirit; but it was seldom now that she laughed and chatted with her "guardian" in the old, familiar way. She treated him with a certain gentle reserve —man-like, he construed it into coldness. Sometimes she even seemed thoughtful and absent when in his company. With others, that is to say, with the captain's wife, the captain himself, and old Blake, her conduct was different. She could be as merry as a cricket with them; only once, that very day, when Mrs. Bluff happened to speak of Warren, the former second mate, Jack noticed that Jessie's eyes filled with tears and that she averted her head. This aroused the old feeling of jealousy. For hours after, he had watched her closely and noticed that she seemed very sad.

"Still thinking of *him*," he muttered, gloomily. "Poor child, poor *child!*!"

He called her this from habit. In reality, the *fatherly* interest he had felt for her was extinguished *forever*. She was now a young woman; he, a youth of twenty. She seemed a child to him no longer.

Suddenly, a shrill, piercing cry came down from the mast-head, the well-known cry of "There she blows." All hands on deck sprung to their feet. The cook rushed from the galley, the cabin-boy thrust his head through the steerage-hatchway, the skipper darted a quick glance aloft, and shouted, "Where away?"

"About two points off the weather-bow, and a mile off, heading toward the other ship!"

"Call all hands! Stand by the boats!"

The boats were soon ready for lowering.

"Lower away!" thundered Bluff, and they dropped, splashing, to the water.

Into them tumbled their crews, all as merry as crickets, and "Give way!" was the next order.

Away they went, four swift boats, manned with good crews and officered by the captain, the first mate, a Sag

Harbor man, Jack Winthrop, and Mr. Brail the *second* mate. The fourth mate, Tom Blake—he had been promoted shortly after the discharge of Warren—was left with six men in charge of the ship.

"Do you see any thing, Bill?" inquired Jack, of his harpooner, after pulling about a mile and a half.

The others had "peaked" their oars a few minutes previously, and were now resting about fifteen fathoms astern.

"Nothing as yet, sir!" answered the boatswain, who stood upright in the bow. "Nothing—"

He was interrupted by a loud rippling ahead; the water was suddenly covered with little whirling eddies; a bubbling, hissing noise followed, and the next moment, up rose the whale scarcely ten fathoms distant!

"Your paddles, men!" cried Jack. "No noise!"

Stealthily, but swiftly, darted the boat on its way; the whale, an enormous bull, seemed unconscious of his enemies, and rolled lazily along, spouting at intervals with a sound like that of steam rushing through a pipe. His great hump was so thickly covered with barnacles as to resemble a hillock strewn with oyster-shells, and his enormous head scattered the water into waves and ripples like the bow of a ship.

"Stand up, Bill!"

And the harpooner sprung lightly to his feet, the barbed iron in his hand.

"Now, then, give it to him!" The boat was within five fathoms of the monster.

The deadly steel clove the air, but it only grazed the whale; for as it was darted, he suddenly turned flukes and dove with great rapidity into the depths of his ocean home.

The crew fairly paled with disappointment; Jack drew a long breath, and said he was sorry he had not ordered Bill to dart sooner.

"Ay, ay, sir, it would have been better if you had. There are the boats of the other ships coming toward us."

Yes, there they were, sure enough—four boats approaching; the head one distant about two miles.

"There's too many of us after that whale!" cried Captain Bluff, pulling up alongside of the third mate. "I was in hopes we'd strike the fish before that chap lowered his boats.

You'd better pull ahead, Mr. Winthrop, while the rest of us separate in different directions!"

"Ay; ay, sir!" and the boat darted off.

As it drew near the foremost one from the other ship, Jack leaned eagerly forward, his eyes fixed upon the figure at the steering-oar ; a slender, compact figure, clad in blue shirt and pants, with a broad leathern belt around the waist, and a red woolen cap pushed back from the dark, sunburnt forehead.

Soon the two boats were but twenty fathoms apart, when quick glances of recognition flashed between the officers ; for the one from the other ship was Guy Warren, formerly second-mate of the *Walrus*.

They bowed as they passed each other, but not a word was exchanged.

"Lie!" (stop pulling) cried Jack to his crew ; and, a moment later, Warren gave the same order. Eight boats, all after one whale, and not very far apart, now lay motionless upon that calm sea, their occupants eagerly watching for the reappearance of the leviathan.

Suddenly, bubbling, whirling, and hissing, the water broke around the bows of Jack's boat.

"Stand by, Bill!" shouted the young man, his eyes flashing with wild joy as he grasped the steering-oar.

Up rose the monster of the deep, grazing the bow with his head, and tilting it with a suddenness that caused the harpooner to fall backward just as he was on the point of darting his iron. The barbed steel penetrated the man's thigh, wounding him so badly that he was unable to rise.

Away went the whale, booming through the water with tremendous velocity, the other boats in full chase, their crews pulling like mad, and their officers shouting and yelling encouragement.

Warren was foremost ; his long-limbed men, with sleeves rolled above their elbows, and woolen caps pushed back from their brown faces, bent their oars almost double with the force of their steady, powerful strokes.

"This is too bad!" cried Jack, disconsolately, as he proceeded to tie a cold-water bandage around the leg of his wounded harpooner.

"Never mind me," answered the sufferer. "Pull ahead,

sir, pull ahead ! If somebody will prop me up in the bow I'll strike that fish for you, yet !"

"There goes flukes!" exclaimed one of the men. "The whale's gone down!"

Bill breathed a sigh of relief.

"It may be ours yet," he murmured, "if you'll only pull ahead, and prop me up in the bow!"

"No, Bill, the place for you is the ship. Here comes a boat now, to take you aboard ; and—why, what does this mean ? Jessie and the captain's wife are in it!"

A quarter of an hour later, the boat containing the females was alongside that of the third mate.

"They *would* come," said Tom Blake, who occupied the stern-sheets. "As soon as the man aloft sung out there was an accident in one of the boats, this little cretur'"—alluding to Jessie—"insisted on going in the boat with me. I couldn't convince her it wasn't *you* who were hurt."

"Nor I," said the captain's wife. "She wouldn't believe any of us."

"Poor fellow," murmured Jessie, glancing toward the wounded man. "He seems much hurt. We must get him on board as soon as we can, Mr. Blake ; and he must have the very best treatment."

"We will soon have him as well and hearty as ever," said Mrs. Bluff, with a kind smile. "I trust it is only a flesh wound."

"I'm not very bad, thank ye, ma'am," answered Bill. "It's my mind that's the most hurt, on account of such a lubberly accident, which never happened to me before."

"It wasn't your fault!" cried Jack. "I should have been knocked over, the same way, had I been in your place."

So saying, he assisted the men to place the sufferer in the other vessel.

This being done, Tom Blake leaped into Jack's boat, ordering one of the five men in the other to take the steering-oar, while the rest pulled for the ship.

"I'll act as your harpooner now, in place of Bill, if you like," said the old sailor.

"No," replied Jack, "you shall take the steering-oar, and I will act the harpooner."

"All right, if you say so," and Blake seized the oar, while Jack sprung into the bow.

A few minutes previously, to the surprise of his shipmates, and also of the crews from the Walrus, Mr. Warren had suddenly whirled his boat round and headed it toward Winthrop's, his crew pulling with might and main.

He passed the one containing the females, just as it was started from the ship, and lifting his cap, smiled and bowed to Jessie, who, faintly blushing, returned his salute.

Jack frowned and bit his lip.

"So *she* was the cause of his singular maneuver," he thought; but the next moment he discovered that he was mistaken; for Warren suddenly ordered his crew to stop pulling and keep a sharp look-out.

"The whale will come up somewhere in this neighborhood," he continued. "I saw him 'mill round' just as he turned flukes."

"D'y'e hear that?" whispered Blake to Jack. "You've recognized that fellow, I suppose?"

"Ay, ay."

"Well, he's got the reputation, Warren has, of being one of the best whalemen out of New Bedford. We'll have to work sharp to get an iron in our fish before *he* does."

"I don't doubt it."

Eyen as he spoke, a whizzing, rumbling noise was heard; a second after, the whale boomed up from the sea, between the two boats, but nearest to Winthrop's.

"Pull ahead!" from both officers; and Warren quickly changed places with his harpooner.

"We'll have to make a long dart if we wish to strike that whale before Winthrop does, as he's nearest to it. *I* prefer to make that dart myself."

Steadily and swiftly the two boats approached the gigantic monster rolling and wallowing in the sea.

The gray eyes of the third mate flashed confidently; those of Warren gleamed like sapphires, with a cool, determined glitter. Jack could not help admiring the easy, manly grace of his attitude, as he handled a harpoon of unusual length and caliber.

Meanwhile, both crews exerted themselves to the utmost; but Jack's boat was first within darting distance.

The young man drew back to hurl his weapon; but before it could leave his hand, a rushing, whizzing sound was heard, as Warren's iron clove the air, and buried itself to the socket in the monster's hump!

A cheer from the long-limbed oarsmen—one which was well deserved, for their officer had darted while more than *six fathoms* from the whale!

The next moment, however, Jack's iron was also buried in the Leviathan's body; a minute later the whale sounded, dragging both boats, with terrific velocity, in the direction of the Walrus.

Thump! thump! whiz-z-z! hum-m! hum-m! hum-m! went the lines around the loggerheads, while the gunwales of both boats, as they crashed through the water, were almost on a level with the sea.

Astern, the other boats were seen coming up, their crews shouting, cheering, and yelling like bedlamites; while ahead, the occupants of the larboard bow boat stopped to witness the sport.

Jessie looked a little frightened; but the flushed cheek and flashing eyes of the captain's wife showed that *she* was an interested spectator. Suddenly, however, she also turned pale; for, dashing on with terrific velocity, the two boats, when within less than twelve fathoms of the one she occupied, suddenly headed toward it.

"Quick, men, your oars!" she gasped, "or we shall be run down!"

The men obeyed, and the light craft was whirled round just in time to avoid a collision, although Warren's boat slightly grazed it while passing.

"Pull for the ship!" cried Mrs. Bluff, breathing a sigh of relief; and the men again grasped their oars.

They were within a quarter of a mile of the vessel, when the two fast boats were seen to turn and again head toward them, the whale having "milled" under water.

The captain's wife looked anxious, and told the men to be on their guard; but just after she had spoken, a low shriek burst from Jessie, as the whale, with the harpoons projecting

from his hump, and coils of line around his body, suddenly breeched nearly his full length from the deep, and falling back with the noise of a thunderbolt, came booming on toward the boat, in a cloud of whirling spray.

"Be careful, men!" gasped Mrs. Bluff, in a tremulous voice; "pull out of the way—quick!"

"Yes, for God's sake, be quick!" exclaimed Jessie. "Our wounded man will not be able to help himself if we are stoven!"

The sailor who held the steering-oar—the ship's steward—was evidently not accustomed to working a boat; before he could whirl the light craft around, the whale, swimming with almost incredible velocity, dashed full against the pointed bow, splintering the light cedar planks in an instant.

Jessie heard the gurgling shriek of the captain's wife; she felt herself sinking; the water rushed into her mouth and ears; a white cloud of hissing spray flew before her eyes; her senses were confused.

Suddenly, she felt something tighten around her waist; she grasped it with her hands and discovered it was a rope. Then the horrible truth flashed upon her mind; she was caught in a bight of the whale-line!

A second later, however, she was free; the pure fresh air of heaven rushed into her nostrils; a strong arm had taken the place of the line around her; a pair of black eyes looked into hers; the musical voice of Warren broke upon her ears.

"Don't be afraid—you are safe now; I cut the line with my sheath-knife; and here's my boat to pick us up!"

Strong arms assisted her; she found herself seated safely upon one of the thwarts.

"The wounded man, poor Bill, and Mrs. Bluff, where are they?" she inquired, glancing round her with anxious eyes.

"All are safe," replied Warren, "all who were in the boat. With the exception of one man who was slightly bruised, no person was hurt. See, there they are with Winthrop!"

She turned, and there, true enough, was Jack's boat, containing all her friends. The third mate, who, while his men picked up the captain's wife and others, had been swimming and diving in different directions to search for Jessie, now

clambered into his boat and directed it alongside of the other.

He thanked the young officer cordially for saving Jessie's life, while he frankly acknowledged that he was sorry it had not fallen to *his* lot, instead, to rescue her.

"It was all owing to chance!" laughed Warren. "As luck would have it, I saw her when she went down, and, therefore, knew just where to strike for her. What difference can it make which of us saved her, so long as she *is* saved?"

The young man colored but did not reply. After Jessie had thanked her preserver, he helped her into the bow-boat.

"And now, good-by!" said Warren, lifting his cap. "I'm after that whale again. It was hardly necessary for *both* of us to cut from him, when that boat was stoven."

He waved his hand, and was soon after seen pulling in the direction of the other craft, which, as soon as it was ascertained that the occupants of the stoven boat were picked up, had started off in pursuit of the leviathan. Having put his party on board, Jack ordered his men to "give way."

"Why, where are you going?" inquired Jessie, peering over the rail. "You will not join in the chase again?"

"Yes, we must not give that whale up, yet."

"But, it is almost sundown."

"We may strike our fish before dark."

"Well, *do* be careful," murmured Jessie, anxiously. "I never knew before what dreadful creatures those whales are. Poor things — smarting with pain, dying, they are not to blame for what they do."

"Well, good-by, I'm off," exclaimed Jack.

And the light craft darted rapidly away from the ship.

It was soon among the other boats, which were now lying motionless, most of the officers smoking and conversing in low tones.

Just after sundown, the dim outline of the whale's flukes was discerned far away to the eastward. The order to pull ahead was sounded from boat to boat, and the oars splashed in the water.

After pulling until after moonrise without again seeing the whale, the hunters decided to abandon the chase. It was high time they did so; for, a strong breeze had now sprung

up; ominous-looking clouds were rolling along the horizon, and a whizzing, humming noise borne upon the breeze from windward prophesied a tempest.

A light fog, spreading over that part of the sea where Warren had last seen his vessel, now veiled the latter from his sight; but he judged he was fully two leagues to windward of her.

His brother officers had long since gone aboard.

"I don't think you'll be able to find your craft to-night," Mr. Warren, said Bluff, as the Walrus came bounding along to pick up her boats. "You'd better come aboard, with us. You'll have a gale that'll swamp you, in a few minutes."

"Thank you," answered the young officer, coldly; "but I must refuse to accept your invitation."

"Ha! Why so?"

"I will never tread the deck of a ship from which I have once been dismissed."

"You are very foolish, sir, to peril your life and the lives of your men for such a reason."

"My men are welcome to go on board of you. In fact, I shall order them to do so. I will remain alone in my boat, and try to reach my ship. If I fail, or get swamped, it matters not. I prefer losing my life to going aboard your ship."

"You talk like a madman!" cried Bluff. "Come! you are only jesting!"

"I am in earnest," answered Warren, calmly. "It is hardly worth while to say any more on the subject."

"You do very wrong, sir, to refuse to come aboard!" exclaimed Winthrop, now gliding alongside of him. "Can not I persuade you to—"

Warren interrupted him with a shake of the head and wave of the hand.

"My mind is made up," he said. "But I thank you for your kindness!"

At that moment, the Walrus luffed up close by, with her main-yard aback; and having made another vain effort to persuade Warren to come aboard with him, Bluff directed his boat alongside, followed by his shipmates.

"Now then, away you go, lads!" cried Warren, directing his boat under the fore-chains. "Jump aboard!"

Not a man stirred.

"We will not leave you, sir!" all exclaimed, simultaneously. The devotion of his men affected the young officer deeply. He did not show it, however; but with flashing eyes and set teeth repeated his command.

Still not one of the men moved.

Then, picking up a lance, the second mate directed the point toward his men.

"Do you mutiny?" he exclaimed, sternly. "Dare you disobey my order?"

"We don't want to mutiny, sir, of course," said the harpooner in the bow. "If it's *mutiny* for us to refuse, why of course we'll go."

"It *is* mutiny," answered Warren, "and so if you disobey me an instant longer, you must either kill me or I you!"

The men exchanged glances; then seeing the harpooner clamber aboard the ship, they imitated his example, directing sorrowful glances toward Warren as they did so.

"Whiz-z-z! hoo-oo!" came the gale at that instant, bending the tall masts like corn-stalks, and throwing the ship almost upon her beam-ends. Her canvas rattled like a platoon of musketry; her timbers creaked dismally; the water flew up boiling and hissing around her bows, now almost hidden by clouds of flying spray.

"For God's sake, Mr. Warren, come aboard!" shrieked Bluff, as the boat crashed against the ship's side.

But the young officer shook his head; then pushed his light craft clear of the quivering vessel, and, taking his station at the steering-oar, disappeared to leeward in the rack, the mist, and the whirling spray of the tempest!

"God help him!" burst from every man in the ship; and with clasped hands and white lips, Jessie Howard, who had just heard of what had taken place, echoed that cry.

Now, apparently passing along over the heads of the bearded whalers, as they tugged and strained at clewlines and huntlines, a wild, humming, rushing noise was heard, as of a great bomb-shell cleaving the air. A great, sulphurous-looking cloud rolled over the moon: then opened like a funnel, and with a rumbling, whizzing sound, a terrific blast rushed upon the ship, tearing her lighter canvas to shreds,

and driving her through the sea with the speed of a thunder-bolt.

"Lively there!" roared Bluff, as the men darted up the quivering shrouds to furl the topsails, which were by this time hauled up. "In with those sails as soon as you can!"

The night grew darker and darker; the fury of the gale seemed to increase every moment; great seas came tumbling and crashing over the bulwarks; the ship tore through the mad, phosphor-lighted waters, with creaking, groaning hull, whistling shrouds, and masts and yards cracking and snapping like fire-crackers.

Soon she was under close-reefed main-topsail, fore-sail, and topmast staysail; double lashings were around the boats, to prevent their being washed overboard; the hatches were battened down, and other precautions taken.

Trumpet in hand, Bluff stood on the quarter-deck, sou'wester and jacket dripping, and near him his first officer, wearing an oil-skin coat.

Whether glancing to windward or leeward, these men could now see nothing except broad patches of foam and flying columns of hazy vapor, scudding like black phantoms past the ship.

The timbers beneath them hummed incessantly like a spinning-top; while the roaring and hissing of the vast ocean sounded as if an army of infuriated lions and serpents were fighting for the possession of the vessel.

Suddenly, crackling, booming, crashing over the weather-rail forward, came a tremendous sea, surging onward toward the quarter-deck, over which it finally broke, lifting both officers from their feet, and dashing them into one of the potato-bins. Having grasped the end of some running rigging, and thus resisted the force of the sea, they were not much hurt; and as the wave receded, they sprung to the deck to learn that nothing had been washed overboard except a couple of empty casks, a part of the weather bulwarks forward, and the roof of the cook's galley.

While expressing their satisfaction that nothing worse had happened, the ship made a sudden, furious plunge, a fearful crash was heard forward, and rushing in that direction, all hands were horrified on discovering what certainly was a most appalling catastrophe.

The fore-topmast stays had parted, and the mast breaking short off near the cap, had fallen with such force upon the already weakened bulwarks of the lee-bow, as to carry them away. The great anchor, fished to this part of the craft, had as a natural consequence gone overboard, and hung dangling by the short stretch of cable fastened to it, and turns of which were around the windlass. The weight of the ponderous mass of iron, hanging in this way, together with the wreck of the mast, dragged the bows under water, so that the forward part of the ship was buried in the boiling, hissing caldron of the sea even to her try-works ; while the constant, violent thumping of her bow against the submerged anchor threatened every moment to force a hole through her timbers !

The captain, the first mate and Winthrop exchanged glances of dismay ; but it was only for an instant. The next, Bluff's deep, lion voice was heard, ordering the wreck to be cleared away, and the cable slipped.

Axes were procured, and several men, fastening ropes around their waists, attempted to stem the angry tide of waters forward, so as to gain the windlass. The seas, however, now breaking almost continually over the vessel, drove them back.

"It *must* be done, lads!" cried old Tom Blake, now rushing forward and securing the end of the topsail halliards around his breast beneath the armpits. "I've got a wife and children at home ; but I'm willin' to risk my life to save this craft with so many in her."

"No!" exclaimed Jack, quickly unfastening the halliards and securing them around his own body. "I have neither wife nor children. I'll go in your place!"

And before any person could prevent him, he snatched an ax from the hands of one of the men, and dashed through the turbulent waters in the direction of the topmast which now hung by a single stay.

A heavy sea broke over the ship ; the young man was ingulfed—hidden from sight for a few moments ; but he saved himself from going overboard by clinging to the cable. As the wave receded, he dashed toward the spar, lifted his ax, severed the stay, and the mast floated clear of the ship.

Then he directed his attention to the cable ; the sharp, rapid

clang of the ax was heard as it struck the stopper in the hawse-hole every time the rolling of the ship caused the water to splash to one side, leaving it clear.

Another sea! The young man was whirled like lightning from his position, but the halliards prevented him from being washed from the ship, and as soon as he could, he again dashed at the cable.

Clang! clang! clang! It seemed as though the stubborn wedge would never part. Half the time up to his neck in water, he was obliged to pause, and grasp the cable to steady himself. Again, the flying spray would almost blind him, almost take away his breath.

At last, however, the bow rose with a sudden jerk; a rumbling sound was heard; the ship was cleared of the anchor!

But, in dealing the last blow but one, a sudden lurching of the craft had whirled the young man half-way round, causing the edge of the ax to descend upon and sever the halliards, by which he was fastened, before it struck the stopper.

As he now turned and sprung toward his shipmates, another wave broke over the ship—he was lifted from his feet and borne to leeward. He contrived to grasp a ratline as he was being whirled over the rail; he clung to it with desperate clutch; but it broke just as the wave passed over his head—just as he was on the point of springing inboard—and he fell into the sea, alongside the fore-chains.

These he quickly seized; as he did so, the ship rolled almost upon her beam-ends, burying him in the boiling, hissing waters. He let go the chains with one hand, and threw the other upward, hoping to grasp the shrouds; but he failed. The ship righted; he was lifted with her from the water; again his hands were on the chains; he drew himself up and made a spring for those tantalizing shrouds, only a foot above his head. But, at that moment, he was again plunged beneath the water by the rolling of the ship; the fingers of one hand being cramped, slipped from the chains; the other hand was already nearly powerless from the same cause. Still, he clung to his single hold with great tenacity, and being raised from the water an instant after, by the righting of the vessel, he saw one of his shipmates who had clambered over the rail into the chains, leaning forward to grasp him.

His heart bounded; he believed he should be saved, after all. He uttered a glad cry as the man seized his jacket, and unable longer to maintain his single hold, his hand slipped from the chains. Still, the sailor above, being a powerful man, did not let go of the jacket. A moment later, Bluff, the first officer, and Tom Blake appeared, clambering over the rail. They were soon in the chains, and old Tom leaned over to grasp the young officer's arm, when the ship, plunging violently, prevented him. As the bow again rose, he made another attempt, and would have succeeded, had not the sudden upward jerking of the vessel caused the jacket to tear in the hand of the other seaman.

He stood, sorrowfully holding the detached piece of cloth while Winthrop was being carried off on the crest of a sea into the darkness of the night and the tempest!

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE WIDE, WIDE SEA.

He was a good swimmer, but his arms, aching from his protracted hold of the chains, could now only be used with great difficulty, while the salt water, continually dashing into his face, almost suffocated him. Whirled onward by the careering waves, he was carried further and further from his vessel every moment. The clashing of the billows, the howling of the wind, the booming and hissing of the vast ocean, all mingling together, seemed chanting a knell of death in his ears.

No hope of being rescued by his shipmates, now! It was too rough to lower a boat; the light craft would be dashed to pieces against the ship's side if such an attempt were made; and even if a boat *should* be got afloat, there was little chance of its crew finding him in the darkness and among those whirling seas!

And so he gave himself up for lost, and resolved to meet his fate like a brave man.

Nevertheless, the sweet face of Jessie would haunt and

disturb his mind in spite of himself. Already, he seemed to hear her, bemoaning his sad fate; to see the white hands as they were wrung in agony; to hear her heart-rending cries piercing the tempest! Soon, however, came thoughts of a different nature. Wave after wave breaking over his head, and the water gurgling and hissing in his ears, bewildered him. He thought he heard weird music; innumerable little lights danced before his eyes, growing fainter and fainter: he was becoming unconscious. Half sensible of this, he strove to rouse himself, by whirling his arms about in the water, when his hand struck something hard. With a desperate effort, he threw himself forward, and clasped the topmast, which he had cut away from the Walrus, and which, clogged by trailing ropes and stays, had not been carried along so fast as the unencumbered form of the young sailor. Seizing one of the ropes, he lashed himself firmly to the friendly spar; his spirits rose; hope revived him—filled his frame with new strength. By getting astraddle of the wreck, he was enabled to prevent the spray and salt water from rushing into his mouth; his lungs were now free. Bending forward, he strove to penetrate the deep gloom, fancying he heard the flapping of canvas; but he could see nothing, and he concluded that the noise he had heard was made by the wings of a sea-bird, that flew with a strange, sobbing shriek over his head.

The storm raged on; the long hours of night wore slowly away, and Jack hailed with joy the first faint streak of dawn. Now, the violence of the tempest seemed to abate, there was a change of wind, the clouds broke in the east. Gradually, the sky in that quarter turned as red at the approach of the sun, as the cheek of a young girl when she sees her lover. Round and broad the planet rose, darting golden spears at the angry billows. Lower and lower they crouched, huddling together like frightened children, while the wind fled wailing to other regions. Soon, the heavens were clear, a light breeze had pushed the last of the clouds under the western horizon. Jack now swept the wilderness of waters with anxious glances; but there was no sign of the Walrus; not a sail was in sight. Far to windward, however, rose the high land of Corea, looking like a cloud of mist, and to leeward the young man thought he could distinguish some dark object resembling

a log of wood, which was occasionally tossed on the crest of a wave. He unfastened his lashings, and poising himself for an instant on the floating spar, was able to make out a boat with a man seated in it!

"It must be Warren!" he exclaimed. "He has braved the tempest in his frail craft!"

He took off his jacket, and waved it about his head, several times; but it was soon evident the signal was not seen; for the boat, seeming to grow smaller and smaller, betokened that it was receding instead of approaching.

A feeling of sadness and desolation came over him; he rose and again made signals, but with no better result than before. Soon, the boat seemed a mere speck; but he resolved to make one more effort before it passed from his sight. Cutting off, with his sheath-knife, a piece of one of the stays, which was almost as hard and stiff as a stick, he put his jacket on the end of it, and flourished it above his head, hoping that the hight of the garment would enable Warren to see it. He was disappointed—the boat continued to recede, until, at last, he could no longer see it—he bowed his head with a heavy sigh. A dryness in his throat warned him of the horrors of thirst in store for him. He looked toward the land; he doubted not that fresh water could there be procured, but how was he to reach it? He might do so, he thought, by paddling with his hands, if his strength would hold out long enough. He did not believe it would; the land was at least thirty miles distant; the spar was heavy and clumsy, and he was already much fatigued. Still, he decided to make the trial. He rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Some moments elapsed before the topmast moved almost imperceptibly. Pausing occasionally to rest, he continued his exertions until sundown, but the land seemed no nearer than before. His labor had weakened him considerably, his tongue was nearly parched with thirst. What would he not have been willing to give for some of the brackish water in his boat-keg, which, on the day before, he had refused.

A light fog creeping along the sea, now mingled with the twilight shadows; the land was hidden from the young sailor's gaze. Several times, during the long night that followed, he caught himself falling into a doze; it was with great difficulty

he contrived to keep awake until morning. When it came, he discovered that the ocean was still shrouded by the fog. There was no use of his paddling now; he could not decide in which direction he should work the spar. Hoping that rain would soon begin to fall, he took from his pocket a piece of canvas, and twisted it into the form of a cup, so as to be ready to catch the drops. But he waited in vain; not a particle of moisture rewarded his pains.

Toward noon, the fog cleared before a fresh breeze from the land; but he could make no progress by paddling. The short, chopping seas, now disturbing the ocean, resisted his efforts; he was carried backward instead of forward. His heart sunk, notwithstanding his hopeful disposition. His cravings for food and water, especially for the latter, were becoming more violent every moment. No sail as yet greeting his sight, and being unable to move toward the land, it is no wonder he drew a gloomy picture of the future, and almost wished life had terminated before he reached the spar.

Another day passed—another morning dawned upon the ocean, which was still agitated by that merciless chopping sea. He was so weak now that he could scarcely keep his seat upon the topmast; in fact, he was obliged to lash himself to it. His sufferings from thirst were dreadful. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; he could scarcely resist the temptation to drink some of the salt sea-water. Anxiously he glanced around him, in all directions; still no sail was in sight. The vast blue scroll of ocean, sparkling in the beams of the sun, mocked him with its liquid beauty. His heavy eyelids drooped; he must have slept but for the fearful cravings of thirst which gave him no peace. His throat felt as if a number of little needles were pricking it inside—his tongue stiffened—he could not have spoken intelligibly if he had tried.

And so the long hours passed away, and the shadows of another night had begun to approach, when chancing to look toward the east, he thought he distinguished some dark object floating upon the sea. He pressed his hand to his feverish brow; he leaned forward and strained his eyes almost to bursting, to assure himself that his imagination had not deceived him. It had not; he was certain now; the object was a boat containing a single occupant, and scarcely two miles off.

Guy Warren, again!

Up went the jacket; it was waved again and again about the young man's head; the lone boatman, he thought, would not fail to see him now. But, before he could decide whether or not the signal had been discovered, the darkness closed around him, hiding the frail craft from his view. He waited in anxious suspense, hoping, every moment, to hear the rushing of the boat and the cheery voice of Warren. Minute after minute passed; he heard no sound save the dull clashing of the waves; he had *not* been seen after all! This discouraging thought made his brain reel. He tried to shout, so that if near enough, the other might hear him; but his tongue would only permit a hoarse cry to escape him. Suddenly a flood of silvery light shot athwart the sea. He turned to see the upper half of the moon's disk, and, also, clearly defined in the soft radiance, the figure of Guy Warren, seated in the stern-sheets of the boat, which he was sculling toward the land. He was not more than twenty fathoms ahead of the spar, which he had passed in the darkness, without seeing. This sight almost drove Winthrop mad. He strove, a second time, to make himself heard, but his throat felt as if it would crack with the effort; the hoarse cry was too low to reach him for whom it was intended. If Warren would only turn his head for an instant he would see him; but, unfortunately, his gaze was toward the coast; it was not probable he would direct a glance behind him.

A happy thought flashed across the youth's brain; he wondered it had not occurred to him before. What more easy than to make a splashing noise in the water? The boatman was near enough to hear that; it would cause him to turn his head.

Accordingly, leaning from the spar, Jack struck the water with the palms of his hands, making as much noise as his feeble strength would permit. It was not loud enough, however, to reach the ears of the young officer; it was, in a measure, drowned by the swashing of the waves. There was no time to lose; the boat was fast receding; it would soon be too far off for its occupant to hear any noise that could be made by the other. So, the latter, unfastening his lachings, dropped from the spar and floundered about in the water, using his

feet as well as his hands. The splashing was now loud enough to have the desired effect. Warren turned, leaned eagerly over the stern of the boat; then, with a shout of mingled surprise and encouragement, he whirled the boat around and directed it toward the spar. But the little strength which had enabled Jack to make his demonstration, now forsook him. He threw his arms around the spar and strove to draw himself up, but he was too weak, and fell back into the sea. The water gurgled in his ears; he was unable even to keep himself afloat; he was sinking. With one last, despairing effort, he stretched forth his arms, and contrived to work himself upward, so that his head protruded above the water. But it was only for an instant; the next he sunk again; his brain grew bewildered, his senses were leaving him, when he felt a strong arm around his waist. A moment later, he opened his eyes in the boat, to meet the glance of Warren, who was bending over him.

"Water," he gasped, and in an instant the mouth of the boat-keg was between his lips. He drank deeply; a sigh of relief escaped him; he felt refreshed, and gratefully murmured his thanks.

"You have evidently had a hard time of it, Winthrop," said his preserver, kindly. "Here is some food for you, such as it is. I wish I had better fare to give you." And he slipped three sea-biscuits into the other's hand.

Of all the rich banquets ever invented to please the palate, it is doubtful that one ever afforded half the enjoyment felt by Jack, as he greedily devoured the first biscuit he had tasted for several days. He had commenced upon another, when the thought suddenly struck him that a man who had been adrift in a boat for an equal length of time, must be very short of provisions himself. Of this he was convinced, when, glancing toward the small bread-bag from which the crackers had been taken, he discovered that it was empty; so he put down the tempting food, and resolutely turned his eyes away from it.

"They are all you have," said he. "I have already drank up all your water; I will not deprive you of your little stock of provision."

"Nonsense!" cried Warren, laughing. "I've had three

biscuits, every day, while in the boat, and you have had nothing. Eat what there is left, I beg of you, and when we get ashore, I've no doubt we can find provisions of some kind."

"No," said Jack, still keeping his eyes turned away from the tempting biscuits. "However, I'll agree to eat, if you'll share with me."

And breaking the crackers into pieces, he divided them into two equal portions or heaps.

"Very well, if you'll have it so," said Warren, smiling; and he thrust one of the heaps into his jacket-pocket.

But, while his companion was eating his own portion, he contrived to put piece after piece upon the pile by his (Jack's) side, so that without knowing it, the latter devoured both shares. Afterward, each related to the other his adventures, since the two parted.

Warren had contrived, with much difficulty, to keep his boat from filling during the tempest. When the gale subsided, he commenced to search for his ship, but without the slightest success, and having, at last, nearly exhausted his stock of provision, he had thought it best to seek the shore, whither he was bound, when he discovered Jack.

"We may reach the land by to-morrow noon," he continued; "and in the meanwhile, I'd advise you to lay down and get some sleep, which you need very much."

Jack required no second bidding; he stretched himself along the bottom of the boat, and throwing an old boat-sail over him, was soon fast asleep.

When he woke, the sun was high in the heavens; he heard a loud roaring, and rising, saw the surf about a league ahead, breaking over the rocks along the island shores of the Corean Archipelago.

"You had better let me give you a spell at the oar."

"No, thank you. I am not tired. I've had my nap, every night, while in the boat. You need all the rest you can get."

"You're a good fellow," cried Jack, impulsively, "and I like you."

"We began, by disliking each other, I believe," cried the second mate, laughing, and extending his hand. "I am glad our feelings toward each other have changed. From this moment, let us be friends."

"Willingly. You have saved my life; also that of one who is very dear to me. I owe you a debt of gratitude, that can never be sufficiently repaid."

"*That* is not worth speaking of. I simply did what any person of common humanity would have done under the same circumstances. See; the current is now helping us along. We will soon be ashore."

Fifteen minutes after, the boat struck the beach of one of the cluster of islands. The two men pulled the light craft as high up from the water as they could, and tying the warp to a large fragment of rock, proceeded to look for muscles. They had soon gathered a large quantity, and having eaten to their satisfaction, they started off in search of water. For a long time they met with no success, but at last they found a little fissure in a rock from which trickled a small spring. They quenched their thirst, after which they picked out a small cave to serve the purpose of a shelter while they remained ashore. Into this retreat they dragged the boat-sail, and also carried the harpoons, lances, and line-tubs, that they might not be spoiled by rain.

"Yonder is a good place to keep our daily look-out for a sail," said Jack, pointing to a lofty rock near the beach, "which I trust we shall see before long."

At night, the climate being quite cold; they built a fire of some driftwood, picked up from the strand, and resting themselves by the blaze in their rocky nook, felt very comfortable. Each of the men had a pipe, and Warren being provided with tobacco, they were soon enjoying a smoke. Puffing away, and conversing pleasantly, they remained awake until a late hour, when, rolling themselves in the boat-sail, they threw themselves down with their feet toward the blaze, and were soon fast asleep.

A little after midnight, Warren woke, and rose to replenish the fire. The sky was clouded; the gloom was intense; the wind whistled mournfully among hollows in the rocks; the surf broke with a sullen roar upon the strand. Toward the latter, the young officer had moved, with the intention of procuring some wood, when, chancing to turn his head, he noticed a light at no great distance, apparently moving along one of the narrow channels that separated the islands. He

watched it attentively, until it was suddenly extinguished; and then he was quite certain he heard, for an instant, the sharp tones of a masculine voice; also the striking of a paddle against the side of a boat. He listened for a repetition of the sounds, but his vigilance was unrewarded, and he walked on toward the beach, wondering who the mysterious visitor or visitors could be. Suddenly he started; he was close to the rock to which the whale-boat had been fastened, but the vessel had disappeared. He examined the stone, to see if the rope had not slipped from it, and the boat been carried away by the rising of the tide. Such however was not the case; the warp had been cut by a knife.

This discovery troubled him very much; he and his shipmate were now deprived of the means of leaving the island until they should discover a sail; there was evidently a party of thieves not far off, who had been attracted to the island by the light of the fire. It was probable they would come again.

The young officer remained awake until dawn, feeling, now, that it was necessary to keep a vigilant watch. As the morning light stole over the sea, he mounted the high rock near the beach, and scrutinized the islands and the channels between them; but he could neither see any signs of the lost boat, nor of the thieves who had stolen it. There was no hut, tent, or bower of any kind visible. He returned to the cave, and finding Jack awake, related what had happened.

The young man was much grieved and surprised at the occurrence, and agreed with his friend that it was necessary to keep a vigilant watch in the night-time.

"We have our harpoons, lances, and line-tubs," said he, "which, according to appearances, we may yet find of great use to us. The rascals must not be allowed to get hold of them."

"Certainly not, and—"

He suddenly paused, pointing seaward; and in that direction, Jack was overjoyed to behold a sail. He remarked that they were not now in need of the boat; the vessel was approaching; it was probably the Walrus or Warren's ship. "We will soon be taken on board," he continued.

"If it prove to be yours," said Warren, "we will have to part. I will not set foot on the deck of that craft. I shall prefer to stay here."

Feeling quite confident that the approaching ship *was* his, Jack endeavored, but vainly, to change his friend's purpose. While they were still arguing the matter, the vessel drew near enough to convince both that she was the Walrus. They could make out the peculiar cut of her sails and also the stump of the topmast forward; she being now less than a league distant. Suddenly, her yards were braced and she tacked; it was evident her look-outs had not yet seen the two men. Jack now turned, with the intention of going to the cave to procure a lance-pole, so as to make a signal, when an ejaculation of surprise escaped him. A curious-looking boat, about twelve feet in length, having a small open cabin in the center with windows of transparent oyster-shells, and a high bow, had just been moored alongside of a rock not far from the cave, and its crew were stepping ashore. They were twelve in number, most of them tall, well-built, and provided with long knives, and sticks of bamboo. They wore pith-hats, loose trowsers, short gowns, confined about the waist with leather belts, and coarse-looking shoes turned up in front. Their faces were brown and weather-beaten; their small, black eyes twinkled with an expression of mingled cruelty and deceit.

Both men saw this strange party nearly at the same moment; a quick, expressive glance was exchanged between them; without a word, they darted to their cave, and picked up the lances and harpoons it contained. Instantly a fierce shout burst from the Coreans; they advanced, brandishing their sticks and knives. The seamen, however, having the start of them, succeeded in gaining the top of the rock they had quitted. This rock was about thirty feet in height, and its sides too smooth to be climbed without the aid of a rope or a ladder. The summit could only be reached by means of a ledge in the side facing the west, and which was so narrow that the Coreans, in order to ascend it, would be obliged to walk in single-file. Two resolute men, like Winthrop and Warren, armed with lances and harpoons, might, therefore, dispute the passage against ten times their number, until lack of provisions should so weaken them as to deprive them of the power of handling their weapons.

CHAPTER V.

A TASTE OF COREAN LIFE.

THE robbers seemed to understand at a glance the defensible nature of the sailors' retreat. Hence, they paused within twenty yards of the foot of the ledge, out of range of the lance, which each of the two friends now held ready to fling at the first man who should venture within reach. Meanwhile, they (the Coreans) kept up a continual chattering: all speaking at once, and apparently trying to hit upon some plan for the capture of the seamen. Perceiving they were liable to remain stationary for some time, Jack dropped his weapon, and picking up another, soon had his signal flying; the pole, with a piece of canvas attached to the end, being thrust into a crevice. At this spectacle, one of the band advanced to an angle, formed by a rock jutting into the sea, and watched the distant vessel, to see if there were any signs that the signal was discovered. Unfortunately, there were not; the ship continued steadily on her new course, receding further and further from the coast every moment. The watcher then rejoined his companions, and evidently communicated the tidings to them, for they at once set up a shout of exultation, shaking their knives at the "besieged." Warren answered this pantomime with an equally significant motion of his lance, at the same time bestowing upon the whole gang an epithet more forcible than complimentary.

A portly individual, with gray hair, and whose chip-hat was cocked in rather "dandy" style on one side of his head, now advanced a few steps, and politely beckoned to the seamen with his stick.

"Come down!" he exclaimed. "Starve up there, bimeby. No hurt; friend to Englishers. Take you to China. Me good man. Tellee you my name is Chung!"

"Well, Chung," replied Warren, contemptuously, "I will inform you that I can read faces. In yours I see 'hoary-headed rascal,' as plainly as I see this rock!"

The eyes of the robber twinkled fiercely ; he shook his stick menacingly and rejoined his companions. Soon they all withdrew to the mouth of the cave, seated themselves by the fire, and replenished it ; then procuring earthen pots from their boats, proceeded to cook a breakfast of rice and tea. After eating their food and partaking of enormous quantities of tea, some of them smoked pipes with long stems and diminutive bowls ; blowing the smoke through their nostrils after the manner of the Chinese.

Meanwhile, like cats watching mice, they kept their eyes fixed upon our friends. They had either concluded to wait until the poor fellows should be starved from their position, or hoped they would find an opportunity to pounce upon them unawares, under cover of the night. The young seamen, however, had resolved to keep a sharp watch ; and when at last the night closed around them, dark and cloudy, they stationed themselves close to the ledge, lance in hand, as vigilant as tigers waiting for their prey. They were both fatigued and hungry ; they had eaten nothing except a few muscles since morning, their throats were dry with thirst ; and yet they cheered each other with jokes and amusing anecdotes.

Suddenly, Jack leaned eagerly forward ; he thought he could detect the faint outlines of dark figures near the foot of the ledge.

"Hist ! there they are !" he whispered to Warren, " let us give them a lesson !"

And, lifting his lance, he was on the point of hurling it, when a large fragment of rock came whizzing through the air, knocking the weapon from his grasp. This was followed by a heavy shower of stones, not one of which, however, took effect ; and when the two men hurled a couple of lances toward the spot where they believed the rascals were stationed, they heard them beating a hasty retreat. On pulling in the weapons by means of the long warp attached to the end of each pole, they were considerably amused to find a chip-hat attached to Warren's lance. The sharp steel had passed through the middle of it, evidently in the closest proximity to the wearer's head.

"A good dart !" cried Jack, laughing.

"Ay, ay, but it would have been a better one if the lance had struck a few inches lower," answered Warren, with a grim smile.

He poised the hat upon his hand to examine it, when a puff of wind carried it off. On springing forward to seize it, his foot struck against a protuberance near the further edge of the rock, and he fell to the bottom upon a bed of soft sand.

"Are you hurt?" whispered Jack, from above.

"No, not in the least; but I don't see how I'm to get back. Those rascals are guarding the bottom of the ledge on the other side."

Jack reflected a moment; a happy thought was the result.

"There are the line-tubs," he whispered. "If you can get to the cave without being seen, you can throw an end of one of the coils up to me; I will secure it so that you can climb it."

"Thank you; a good idea."

And he proceeded cautiously toward the cave.

He had not walked many steps when he suddenly paused; he saw the outline of a figure near the entrance of the rocky nook. A faint light from the smoldering embers of the fire, however, showed him that the man's head was turned away from him; so, crouching to his knees, he crept on.

Soon he was quite close to the Corean, who then turned and saw him. He sprung up, drawing his knife, when with a single blow, dealt between his eyes, the young officer stretched him senseless. Now, however, hearing footsteps approaching, he felt there was not a moment to spare. He seized the end of one of the coils of line, and with a couple of bounds gained the foot of the rock.

"All right?" inquired Jack from above.

"Ay, ay; stand by to catch the line!" and he flung it upward.

The other seized it with a seaman's dexterity and fastened it securely around a projection of rock.

"All ready!" he whispered, and Warren seized the rope.

At that instant, he heard steps close behind him; he drew himself up, and had begun to ascend, hand over hand, when his legs were firmly grasped by some person below, who instantly set up a loud shout. The patterning of many feet was

now heard; Jack seized a lance to fling at the individual who had grasped his friend. But, on peering downward, he perceived that his weapon, if darted, would be more apt to strike his friend than the person beneath, who was in a measure sheltered by the form to which he clung. Meanwhile, Warren made every exertion to free himself from that vice-like grasp; he kicked at the robber, and swung himself furiously to and fro, but all in vain. Soon the man having drawn himself up by means of the other, threw his supple arms and legs around his (Warren's) body, like a serpent coiling about its victim. Then the young officer felt the rascal's teeth and nails in his neck; when, enraged beyond all bounds, he let go of the rope, throwing himself violently backward, with the intention of falling heavily upon his tormentor. Both men, however, landed upon their feet; the Corean having the advantage of position. They grappled and fell upon the ground, rolling over and over in a desperate struggle, the robber screaming, and shouting and grinding his teeth. Finally, this man succeeded in drawing his knife; he made a furious plunge at the heart of his antagonist. But Warren saw the flash of the blade in time, and avoided the stroke by rolling over; then, drawing his sheath-knife, he drove it to the hilt in the other's throat.

All this transpired in a few minutes. The companions of the man whom Warren had stabbed had not yet arrived though they were now very near, and with a single bound, the young officer once more sprung to the rope.

Just as he grasped it, however, he was seized from behind and hurled down. Dark forms surrounded him, binding his arms and ankles; one of the rascals showered blows upon him with his stick.

At this juncture, Jack, who was now resolved to die if necessary in defense of his friend, sprung from the top of the rock, lance in hand, and drove the weapon through the body of the Corean who was beating the prostrate man.

The robber fell with a sharp cry; then, Winthrop was thrown to the ground, his hands and feet were secured, and he was beaten with sticks until nearly senseless.

Several lanterns, lighted with tinder paper, were now brought from the boat, and held up so as to reveal the bruised

faces of the prisoners, upon which the Coreans gazed with cruel delight, uttering exultant cries, and flourishing their sticks as if to inflict further punishment. In fact, several of them drew their knives, with the evident intention of cutting the seamen's throats on the spot; but they were prevented by the corpulent Chung, who seemed to hold a position of some authority.

"No want killee!" he exclaimed, giving Warren's hair a violent pulling. "Going sellee for plenty *cash*; for slave."

"Better kill me, you rascally dog," replied the young officer, grinding his teeth. "I'd rather you would; I will never consent to work as a slave."

"No care for dat. Spose get cash; dat's all *me* care about," answered Chung, grinning maliciously.

Then followed such a din of clattering tongues as had never before greeted the ears of the seamen. The majority of the Coreans seemed to wish to put an end to the prisoners' lives at once, in order to avenge the death of their two comrades whose ghastly faces were now distinctly revealed in the lantern's glare, turned up from the sandy beach. Chung and the few who took sides with him, being the most eloquent, finally succeeded in silencing their opponents. The dead men were stripped of their clothing; a deep hole was dug with paddles in the soft sand, and they were buried. Then, one of the party, ascending the rock, destroyed Jack's signal, while the rest proceeded to convey the lances, harpoons, line-tubs and other articles into their boat.

The prisoners were seized by the cuffs of their jackets, and dragged unceremoniously to the vessel, into which they were thrown as sheep are tossed into a butcher's wagon. Soon the craft was manned, and the crew plying their paddles vigorously, it glided swiftly along one of the island channels. A few minutes after, it was moored alongside of a flat rock, and the warp being fastened to a stake, the seamen were dragged ashore, and thrust into a cavern, not far from the beach. Four of the party were left to guard them, the rest entering a long, low building, which, by the light of the lanterns, the captives could perceive was rudely constructed of mud, stones and some pieces of timber, evidently the remains of a wreck. They also noticed the stolen whale-boat, lying within a few

yards of them, secured to a bamboo-pole thrust in the sand ; and a faint hope of regaining their liberty flashed at once upon the minds of both. If they could only loosen their bonds, the rest they thought might be easily accomplished. True, their guards were armed with lances, but they were too confident to keep a vigilant watch ; a sudden dash on the part of the whalers might put them in possession of the boat which had not yet been deprived of its six good oars.

In a whisper they communicated their thoughts, and then set themselves to work to free their arms which were tied behind their backs. After much difficult exertion, Warren succeeded in freeing his wrists ; then rolling to one side, so as to get out of range of the broad ray of light, streaming from a lantern upon the ground, in front of the cavern, he cautiously proceeded to loosen the cords about his ankles. He had, in fact, almost liberated himself, when, suddenly turning, one of the guard saw what was going on. He gave the alarm, and the four threw themselves upon the young officer, securing his arms in such a manner as precluded all hope of his repeating his experiment. His companion was subjected to the same precautionary measures, after which the guard, grinning and laughing maliciously, again took up their station before the entrance of the cavern.

At daylight, a dish of boiled rice and some green tea in a China cup were placed before the prisoners, who were freed from their bonds long enough to partake of this refreshing meal. Feeling much revived, they now glanced round them—being seated outside of the cave—and discovered that a high wall of jagged rocks formed the eastern shores of the island. It would screen the lodging of their captors from any person stationed on the opposite isle; so that Warren now comprehended why he had not seen any thing of the thieves, of their retreat, or of the lost boat, on the morning after the latter was stolen.

The seamen had no sooner finished their repast, and been again secured, than their captors, accompanied by several gigantic fellows whom they (the prisoners) had not seen before, emerged from their lodging, and gathered in front of the cave.

An animated discussion took place. Chung, as on a previous occasion, made himself quite conspicuous by his eloquence ;

but it was now, apparently, without its effect upon some of his auditors, who seemed more inclined to listen to a few brief, decided words, occasionally uttered by the tallest man in the group. His remarks, however, it was evident, were not in the prisoners' favor; for, whenever he spoke, his partisans would lay their hands upon their knives, and glance fiercely toward the whalers. At last, Chung relapsed into moody silence; when, advancing into the cave, the giant alluded to motioned to several of his comrades, who at once sprung forward. They seized the prisoners roughly, and, pulling them from the cavern, dragged them toward the beach. A flat rock was soon reached, when one of the party, seizing Winthrop, threw him upon the top of it, on his back. Another, grasping a lock of his hair, jerked his head downward, while a third, drawing his knife, commenced sharpening the weapon upon a stone.

Almost breathless with excitement, the corpulent Chung now rejoined the gang, and an animated conversation ensued between him and the tall Corean who had previously shown his authority. Meanwhile, the sharp scraping of the knife continued to jar upon the ears of the prostrate youth, who was still held in his uncomfortable position by his malicious tormentors.

He exhibited, however, no sign of either fear or pain, although, inwardly, he could not help shuddering at the thought of his impending fate. Prostrate upon the ground, not far off, lay Guy Warren, his eyes flashing with the rage excited by the torture to which his friend had been subjected. He writhed and twisted his limbs, vainly endeavoring to loosen his bonds, that he might, at least, strike one good blow in defense of his chum. Suddenly, chancing to turn his eyes toward the whaleboat, he noticed that five of Chung's adherents—at least, he believed them such—were seated in the light craft, watching the two disputants with the most eager attention. One of the men fingered his drawn knife, the edge of which rested, as if by accident, upon the rope that held the vessel to the pole; the others were provided with paddles. Perhaps, by a careless observer, the attitude of these persons would scarcely have been remarked; but, to a man in Warren's situation, it seemed fraught with peculiar significance, especially when

he noticed that Chung occasionally turned a stealthy but meaning glance in the direction of the boat. He watched both parties narrowly, and presently saw the corpulent Corean make a scarcely perceptible motion with the palm of his hand extended, when the man in the bow of the boat quickly drew the edge of his knife across the warp, severing it at once. The vessel was now afloat. At this moment, however, the knife-sharpener, having completed his task, bent over the prostrate youth, and was on the point of cutting his throat, when, with one hand, Chung pushed the sufferer quickly from the rock into the water, the men who held the young sailor's arm and hair having let go their hold as the dagger was uplifted. The whaleboat was now alongside of the rock; its occupants sprung out; thrust Winthrop into the vessel; then rushed to the beach to help Chung, who, having with two blows of his knife severed Warren's bonds, was, assisted by the latter, fighting his way toward the boat. The giant's party did not attempt to use their knives against their portly comrade, but several furious blows were aimed with those weapons at the young officer, who, dexterously dodging them, knocked down one of his antagonists, and seized another around the middle, with the intention of hurling him, head foremost, against the rock. The interference of Chung's men was now all that saved the American from being stabbed. He was dragged into the boat along with the fat Corean, and the next moment the light craft was speeding swiftly over the waters of the channel. The men on the beach, five in number, yelled fiercely, gesticulating to the boatmen, and evidently striving to persuade them to come back, but all to no purpose; and so, springing into the other craft, they started in pursuit of the fugitives.

"I perceive I have made a mistake," said Warren, holding out his hand to Chung, "in believing that you were our enemy. This last movement on your part shows that in you we have a friend, and—"

He paused and drew back the proffered hand. The mouth of the other was twisted derisively to one side; a malicious twinkle in his eyes made them shine like those of a snake. He said something to his party in a low voice, when, dropping their paddles, they threw themselves upon the young

man, and secured his wrists and ankles with some lance-warps taken from the stern of the boat.

"Me no friend to Englishers," grunted Chung. "Me wish to take and sellee for slave. Hong, oder man and my brudder, wish to killee you. Me say no; me want to get plenty *cash* for you. See why me get you away; dat's it!"

"You are a villain—a *shark*—a lubberly scoundrel!" cried Warren. "I would a thousand times rather have had my throat cut than be a slave."

"And I too!" cried Jack. "I hope the other boat will overtake us!"

"No chance of dat!" replied Chung, grinning. "Hong my brudder, lazy man, and his boat big one. No catchee up wid us."

In fact, the men having again seized their paddles, the whaleboat was now bounding through the water like a rocket, rapidly increasing the distance between it and the pursuing craft. Soon the latter was no longer in sight, and Chung grinned maliciously, as he marked the moody brow and flashing eyes of Warren. He filled his pipe, lighted it, and bending over, puffed the smoke into the face of the young man; he also poked him in the ribs with his bamboo-stick, remarking that some of the rich men on the Peninsula often amused themselves in this way with their slaves. He added that he intended to proceed directly to the coast, so as to carry the two men into the interior, and sell them as soon as possible.

The crew continued plying their paddles with great vigor until sundown, when they paused to refresh themselves with a drink of water, and a quantity of rice which had been stowed away in the stern-sheets of the boat. The arms of the prisoners were untied, some of the food was put before them, and being very hungry they did ample justice to the simple fare, after which, their wrists were again secured, and the light craft propelled on its way.

The Coreans worked all night with but little intermission; at dawn, the coast was visible a league ahead; soon after sunrise, the boat's keel grated on a hard beach lined with numerous rocks. The captives were pulled ashore, and the boat was hauled out of the water, and carefully concealed in a cavity, the entrance of which was stopped up, with a rocky

fragment. Then the cords about the ankles of the prisoners were cut, and they were ordered to move forward — their guard ranging themselves on each side of them. Perceiving the back part of Chung's portly figure directly in front of him, Warren showed his contempt of that individual, who was making some aggravating remarks, by dealing him a kick that sent the Corean spinning, to the distance of several yards. This insult so enraged him that he drew his knife and sprung at the young officer, who had already been hurled to the ground by two of his men, while the rest held Winthrop in a firm grasp to prevent him from assisting his friend. One hand of the Corean was upon the throat of the prostrate sailor, and his knife uplifted, when his avarice got the better of his temper, and he thrust the weapon into his belt.

"Dis rascal bring plenty *cash!*!" he muttered; and having dealt him a blow upon the head with his stick, he sprung up, again ordering the party to move forward. They ascended a rugged ledge, leading to the summit of a high rock, affording an extensive view of the sea, and also of the high mountain land far away toward the interior of the country. And now the Corean uttered a loud exclamation; the eyes of Winthrop gleamed; his heart fairly bounded; for, not more than half a league distant, the gallant Walrus suddenly burst to view from around a lofty headland! She was close hauled, running along on a course parallel with the shore, with look-outs at the main, and men in the foretop hoisting upon a tackle, to several parts of which was attached a new topmast. The welcome vision inspired Jack with the strength of a lion; with a sudden twist of his body, he broke from the grasp of the men who held him, and sprung upon a shelf of rock projecting over the sea, in the hope that the look-outs would see him. He knew he was too far from them to be recognized, and, of course, his arms being bound, he could make no signal; still he believed he was near enough for the keen-eyed whalers to note the difference between his dress and that of his captors. The difference, he trusted, would so excite their curiosity as to cause them to send a boat's crew ashore. He was not, however, allowed to occupy his new position long. Yelling with rage, the Coreans sprung upon him, and

roughly dragged him to the spot he had quitted. Then a brief consultation took place, during which, to Winthrop's great joy, the main yard of the Walrus was hauled aback and a boat lowered. He thought he could distinguish a female figure in the stern-sheets; but before he could satisfy himself upon that point, he and Warren were forced back to the beach at the foot of the elevation. Chung leading the way, the party moved on and finally crawled into one of the hollows or caverns among the piles of rocks close to the water. Crouching to the sand, they gagged the mouths of the prisoners with two of their bamboo-sticks; then sat as motionless as statues, their eyes turned toward the small entrance of the cave, which was almost covered by great bunches of drooping seaweed. Soon the sound of footsteps and loud voices proclaimed that the crew had landed and were descending the ledge. Winthrop was certain he could recognize the tones of several of the speakers: among the rest those of Tom Blake; though the party were too far off to enable him to hear what they said. As they drew nearer, however, both the young men heard a voice, which could never be forgotten; it was the voice of Jessie Howard!

"How strange!" she was saying. "I am sure I saw the figure. He stood upon the rock, and as I've already told you was dressed exactly like poor Jack on the night he fell overboard; I saw the gleam of his white canvas pants, and could almost make out the blue colors of his jacket. Ah! I don't know what it is," she continued, in tremulous tones, "but, ever since that fearful night, I have felt as if *he* was not drowned after all."

"I don't know about that," answered Tom Blake. "I'd like to give you encouragement, Miss Jessie, if I could, but for my part I don't see how the poor lad could have been saved on such a night. I won't deny your seeing a man standing on that rock. I'raps you *did* see him—although I'm afraid your fancy deceived you, as you haven't rested day or night, a-thinking of poor Jack—but I may say almost of a certainty, that it wasn't our third mate!"

"I was *not* deceived," replied Jessie, resolutely. "I saw the figure as plainly as I see you, and ran down into the cabin, at once, to tell the captain. When I came up again,

the figure was gone, and so you all think I was mistaken. Oh, I am certain, very certain I saw it, and can't help feeling as if it was Jack?"

"Well, well, dry your pretty eyes, Miss Jessie," responded Blake; "if he's here we must find him, though it's droll none of the look-outs saw him. P'raps, hows'ever, they were all looking ahead."

Both Warren and Jack now struggled fiercely in the grasp of those who held them, hoping thus to make them speak or do something which might lead to their detection; but, all in vain. Not a whisper escaped the lips of the Coreans; they scarcely breathed; but, with knives drawn, ready to fight if discovered, they now leaned over the prostrate men, bearing their whole weight upon them, while with cat-like vigilance watching the entrance of the cave. Presently, the whalers were heard approaching; the concealed party saw them as they came on, and believed they would be detected. They grasped their knives more tightly; their eyes glittered; they were prepared for combat.

The girl followed the seamen; her cheek was colorless; her once bright eyes were full of tears. Jack groaned inwardly to witness her changed appearance; he now understood how deeply she had mourned for him and his heart yearned toward her. She walked with a quick step; her face wore an eager, anxious expression; it was evident she still indulged the hope of finding her "guardian." Soon, Jack's shipmates were close to the cave; it seemed to him that they must see it; but no—they did not, on account of the weeds drooping over it, and the heart of the young man sank as he heard them passing the rock.

"Stay where you are, Miss Jessie!" cried Tom Blake. "You can never get over the piles of rocks yonder, behind which we are now going to search; though I'm afraid it'll be for nothing."

So the fair girl, with half-parted lips, clasped hands, and eager eyes, stood watching her friends until they had passed from her sight.

"Oh! if it should not prove to be him, after all," she muttered, with a half-stifled sob. "I begin to think it was *not* he; otherwise he would not have quitted the rock and disappeared in this mysterious manner!"

Chung smacked his lips and began to count on his fingers. He also grinned and chuckled softly; a bright idea seemed to have occurred to him. The two prisoners watched him keenly—they writhed in their bonds like wounded tigers. The Corean “poked” each of them in the ribs with his bamboo-stick.

“Plenty cash!” he whispered, “girl make *good* slave!”

So saying, he crawled forward, and thrusting his head through the opening, “peered” at the maiden like a fat spider watching a fly. Her back was toward him—she was only a few feet from the cave.

Discovering that the coast was clear for the present, the Corean next looked toward the spot where his boat was concealed, and was gratified to perceive that the tide had risen so that the light craft could be pulled forth in an instant. Glancing seaward, however, he saw an object which made him grind his teeth and clench his fists with rage. It was the boat which was in pursuit of the fugitives, not more than half a league distant, its crew paddling with might and main. He retreated into the cave, whispered a few words to his men, then crawling quickly through the entrance, he sprung to the side of the young girl, threw an arm around her waist and pressed his hand over her mouth to stifle her cries. The same moment, one of his men glided from the cave, and pulling the fragment of rock from the entrance of the hollow containing the boat, drew the latter alongside of the beach. Then he tied a piece of cotton cloth over Jessie’s mouth and secured her wrists with cords, after which Chung carried her into the boat. Though probably never before so startled and terrified as now, yet she did not swoon.

She struggled to free herself, and vainly strove to cry out. Fear, grief and indignation, made her cheek burn and her eyes fill with tears. Her heart beat wildly at the thought of being torn from her friends, perhaps at the very moment when they had succeeded in finding Jack. Eagerly she turned her eyes toward the pile of rocks in the distance, hoping to see the men reappear in time to rescue her; but she was disappointed; not one of them was in sight. And now, suddenly emerging from the cave, came the rest of the Coreans, pushing and dragging the male prisoners toward her. She recog-

nized the young officers at once; her brain reeled; her joy on being thus convinced that her "guardian" was alive, her anguish at finding him a prisoner in the hands of the cruel natives, inspired her with conflicting emotions. The excitement was too much for her; she sunk, fainting, upon one of the thwarts of the boat.

The captives were thrust into the vessel; the crew seized their paddles and the craft glided swiftly along the shores of the coast, receding further and further every moment from the spot where Blake's party were still prosecuting their search, and from the boat manned by the pursuing Coreans.

Meanwhile, the feelings of Winthrop and Warren, as they lay bound and helpless in the bottom of the vessel, unable to strike a single blow for the senseless girl reclining in the stern-sheets, almost drove them mad. The veins upon their foreheads were swollen almost to bursting; with clenched teeth and flashing eyes they glowered fiercely upon their captors. Presently, Chung poured some cold water upon the face of the unconscious girl; soon, a faint flush came to her cheek; she opened her eyes and gazed wildly around her until her glances fell upon the male captives, when the recollection of past events rushed at once upon her mind. The cloth being now taken from her mouth and her two friends relieved of their gags, the three were at liberty to converse.

Explanations followed, and the young girl seemed almost to forget her own melancholy situation, while listening to the account of the seamen's adventures. The dusky crew continued, meanwhile, to work their paddles, and in the course of an hour, the pursuing boat was nearly out of sight astern. Chung now whispered a few words to his men, when they directed the vessel into one of the many rocky bays that opened along the coast. Presently, the boat struck the beach and the Coreans landed with their prisoners. As soon as the craft had been pulled ashore and concealed among some of the rocks, in the same way as before, the gang surrounded the captives and ordered them to move forward. Passing through a gorge between two lofty cliffs, the party continued on, over a rugged, uneven country for several hours, when a halt was ordered. Jessie felt very tired and was glad of an opportunity to rest. A fire was made, and some tea and rice

which had been purchased by Chung, from the inhabitant of a miserable looking mud-house, was prepared. Some of the food, together with a cup of tea, was given to each of the prisoners, and Jessie was much refreshed by her sex's favorite beverage. The party rested a short time after partaking of their meal, when "Captain Chung" again ordered a forward movement. The young girl, owing to the rough nature of the country, soon was so fatigued that her limbs almost refused to support her, still not a word or a sigh escaped her lips. Her friends already felt so much anxiety on her account, that she did not wish to add to their sufferings by complaining. She even tried to look cheerful, to smile when she encountered their glances. They were not deceived however; and they endeavored to persuade Chung to prepare a stretcher of some kind, for her accommodation.

The "captain" grinned maliciously.

"Getee use to hard work," said he. "When slave have to work plenty. Best begin now, so must walk!"

Vainly the two men strove to change his resolution; he turned a deaf ear to them, and their hearts felt as if ready to burst with grief and rage, as the poor girl with drooping limbs dragged on over that rough ground. Chung would, occasionally, give her a push to make her walk faster, and at such times, the officers would struggle fiercely but vainly to break from the grasp of those who held them in order to punish the brute.

In this way, the party proceeded until sundown—pausing only a few minutes at a time for rest and drink—when they halted in a grove, near a tract of marshy land. After the usual meal of rice and strong tea had been served up, Chung informed his prisoners that he intended to make this place their camping-ground for the night. A bower of branches, with leaves and twigs interwoven, was erected; the ankles of the two officers which had been liberated to enable them to walk were again secured, and with Jessie, they were pushed into the retreat. A large fire was then made, and the Coreans seating themselves around it, smoked their pipes and chatted until late at night, when, with the exception of one man who was stationed as a guard, they threw themselves down by the blazing logs and dropped to sleep.

"Now, then," whispered Jack, "if we could only free ourselves from these bonds!"

"It is impossible," murmured Jessie, who, though fatigued in every limb, was yet unable to sleep on account of harassing thoughts; "it can not be done, for our hands are tied behind us. Poor Jack—and you too, Mr. Warren—how much you must have suffered since you were captured by these cruel men."

"Our sufferings were nothing compared to what they now are," he replied, "to see you in the hands of these rascals. It is dreadful—*dreadful!*"

"Never mind," she said, hopefully. "Captain Bluff will send some of his crew to search for us; in fact, I believe he has done so already. Perhaps they will find us and rescue us before we are made slaves. You must not worry so much, at any rate, about me. I am, it is true, a weak woman; but my health being good, I feel confident I can bear up under many trials."

"If you had only taken my advice," said Jack, mournfully, "this never would have happened to you, for you would have remained at home. In fact, I should not have allowed you to go with me; it was wrong, very wrong."

"Oh, no, you must not blame yourself. It was all *my* fault; and now you can see that I'm able to endure hardship. I feel much refreshed by my last cup of tea," she added, smiling.

"You are a noble girl, Miss Howard," cried Warren, impulsively, "and it almost drives me mad to think I can do nothing for you."

"Ay, that's what troubles us both more than any thing else," cried Jack.

As he spoke, one of the blazing logs in front of the bower, being burnt through the middle, parted, and the fragments rolled so close to Jessie that she was obliged to draw back to prevent her dress from taking fire.

Instantly, a sudden happy thought flashed upon Warren's mind. He glanced at the sentinel, and perceived that his back was toward the shelter; the man evidently feeling too confident in the security of his prisoners to keep a vigilant watch; in fact, leaning upon his bamboo-pole, he was dozing.

The Coreans around the fire were fast asleep; the portly Chung, with his nose turned upward, was snoring lustily.

"Now, then," the second mate whispered to Jack, "you shall see how quickly I will rid myself of these cords."

So saying, he cautiously worked himself close to the blazing pieces of wood; then he turned his back toward them, and thrusting out his wrists, rested the cords on one of the fragments. The strands were burnt through in a few seconds, and though he blistered his skin badly, he scarcely heeded the pain, for his arms were now at liberty. He unfastened the cords about his ankles, then proceeded to free his companions. This was soon done; but as the three sprung to their feet, the sentry turned and saw them. Before he could utter a word, however, he was knocked senseless by a blow of Jack's fist. The noise made by his fall was not loud enough to wake those around the fire; and so, gagging and binding the sentinel, the three friends were soon many yards from their late uncomfortable quarters; the young men, while they hurried along with all possible dispatch, assisting Jessie over the rough ground. The night being quite dark, they were obliged to feel their way, but they believed they were moving toward the sea-coast.

"We will have to stop, pretty soon," said Warren, after they had proceeded a few miles. "Miss Howard, I know, is very tired."

"No," she replied, "I can go many miles further. The joy I feel on account of our escape, makes me quite strong. For heaven's sake, let us get as far upon our way, under cover of the darkness, as we possibly can."

"We will," said Jack; "but when you are tired, you must let us know, and we will make a stretcher for you, and carry you upon it, between us."

"That would be very nice," she said, merrily, "but I am afraid it would fatigue you to carry such a heavy load as I am."

"Not in the least," said Warren. "I think we had better go to work at once and make the stretcher; unless I am much mistaken, I see the outlines of trees directly ahead of us; we can break off some of the branches—"

"Oh, no," she interrupted, "you need not stop for that

now. I am not tired enough, yet. When I am, I will let you know."

After they had continued on their way a couple of hours, however, the young seamen felt certain that Jessie was much fatigued, although not a word of complaint escaped her, and she had just stated that she could go much further.

They mounted a tree, and breaking off a number of branches, large and small, soon framed a rude stretcher, the cross-pieces being fastened with strong pieces of twine, such as are generally found among the miscellaneous articles a good sailor always carries stowed away in his pockets.

Jessie was much pleased with her "conveyance," which, considering the short period occupied in making it, and that it was made in the dark, was really a creditable piece of workmanship. She seated herself upon it, according to directions, and was soon being borne forward with a celerity that surprised her.

"You must be very strong to carry me in this way," she said to her companions. "But you should walk slower. You will fatigue yourselves."

"You are as light as an infant, Jessie," said Jack; "that is why we can carry you so easily."

"I think you are mistaken," she replied, a little piqued for she did not like to be classed with *very* "light weights." "You may think so because you are so strong. I am not very tall, it is true, but my weight—" and here she spoke in a solemn voice—"is at least a hundred and twenty pounds."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PURSUIT.

SEDDENLY the two men stopped. Far ahead they distinguished a light, moving toward them. Jessie saw it, too, and she sprung from the stretcher.

"They are coming," she exclaimed, "some of the ship's

crew. They have been sent in search of me. Oh, I am so glad our friends are at hand."

"I am not sure they *are* our friends," said Jack. "I would not have you feel too hopeful, Jessie, lest you be disappointed."

"Who else can they be?" she replied. "Oh, Jack, they must be a party from the ship."

Warren scrutinized the light with a seaman's eye.

"I think it moves too steadily to be carried by a sailor. There isn't enough swing to it."

"You forget," said Jack, "that we have a few Kanakas aboard the Walrus. Those fellows—no matter how long they have followed a seafaring life—generally walk in a straight line, except when they are drunk."

"Ay, ay, you are right."

"At any rate, I will go forward and reconnoiter," continued Winthrop, "while you stay here and take care of Jessie."

"For heaven's sake, be careful," cried the young girl, anxiously. "It would be dreadful to—to—lose you again."

"I think I had better go," said Warren.

The words were scarcely uttered, however, when Jack glided forward and disappeared in the darkness. Rapidly, though cautiously, he moved on; but he had not proceeded a hundred yards, when the light suddenly vanished. He stopped and waited, hoping to see it again, but he was disappointed. Determined, however, to investigate the matter, he walked on, and in the course of half an hour he was startled on hearing the sound of voices on his right. Glancing in this direction, he saw the outlines of trees distant only a few yards, and crouching upon his hands and knees, he moved toward them. Soon, he was near enough to distinguish a glimmer of light; a moment later, he found himself close to one of those miserable mud houses usually inhabited by the poorer classes of Coreans. He advanced, and peering through a crevice in the wall, the first person he saw was the brother of Chung reclining upon a blanket in the corner of a small apartment destitute of furniture. His five "partisans" were seated in the center of the room, eating and drinking by the light of the lantern which had attracted the attention of the fugitives. The object of his errand being accomplished, Jack

thought it best to return at once to his friends. He was on the point of rising from his kneeling position, when the pressure of his hands on the dilapidated mud-wall caused a portion of it to give way, and through the aperture thus made, the light from the room streamed full upon his face. He sprung backward, but a cry of surprise from the Corean proclaimed that he had been seen. He darted off, but he heard the party following him, and on turning his head, beheld their lanterns scarcely fifty yards behind him. He was now pursuing a direction which must soon lead him to the spot where he had left Warren and Jessie; so he turned aside. He had but faint hopes of escaping the Coreans, but he trusted he should be able to lead them a long distance from his two friends, before they succeeded in capturing him. He kept on his new course, running at his swiftest speed, until suddenly, he found his path obstructed by a high rock. Believing he might pass around it—for it was too steep to be mounted without the aid of a ladder or rope—he turned to the left; but he had proceeded only a few yards when he suddenly paused and threw out his arms to regain his balance; for he found himself close to the edge of one of the rocky sides of a deep valley. Unable to recover himself, in time, he fell over the top of the cliff, and a few moments later, he must have been dashed to pieces, had he not thrown out his hands and clutched a vine. It was very frail, and the bark peeling off beneath his grasp, he felt himself slipping downward. He had not descended far, however, when his feet struck a narrow ledge or platform. A ray of light flashed into his eyes, and glancing upward, he saw the pursuers' lantern as it was held by one of the party over the edge of the rugged rampart. Crouching, he drew back into a hollow in the rock; but it was not evidently deep enough to screen the whole of his person from the keen eyes above. He heard exulting cries; a moment later, he saw one of the party descending by the vine with his knife between his teeth. He was a tall, powerful man, and Jack prepared himself for a desperate encounter. The young sailor was so exhausted, however, by his previous exertions and sufferings, that he had but little hope of overcoming such a formidable antagonist. Suddenly, he heard a rattling noise; something dropped at his feet, and stooping,

he perceived it was the Corean's knife, which had slipped and fallen from his mouth.

Jack picked it up, just as the feet of its owner struck the ledge, and lifted it to deal a fatal blow. But, his opponent seized his wrist with one hand, and with the other, grasped his throat. A struggle ensued. The Corean being the stronger of the two, had almost forced the sailor over the ledge, when the young officer threw out his foot and succeeded in tripping him. The man fell backward, but grasped the vine in time to prevent himself from going over the rocky projection. Instantly Jack aimed a second blow at his heart, but the other, twisting himself sideways, the point of the knife merely penetrated his shoulder, inflicting a slight flesh wound. With a tremendous stroke of his fist upon the seaman's arm, he sent the knife flying from his grasp, when the two clutched for another struggle. It was of brief duration; the young sailor was forced backward, his opponent let go of his throat, and he fell from the rugged platform. Throwing out his hands, however, he was fortunate enough to clutch the same vine he had previously seized, and which he now discovered curved outward beneath the ledge. He continued to lower himself by his frail support, until he gained the solid ground at the foot of the cliff. Looking up, he could make out by the light of the lantern, the faces of some of the Coreans, still peering downward, while they talked and gesticulated to the man upon the ledge. These actions betokened that they were aware of his safe arrival at the bottom of the valley; so he walked rapidly forward, keeping in the deep shadow of rocks and shrubbery. The upper edges of the dell sloping toward its extremities, he soon emerged upon the open country. He paused and looked around him, but he could see no sign of the Coreans, who had either given up the chase, or mistaken the direction he had pursued. He sat down, and having rested a few moments, continued on his way, shaping his course, as he supposed, toward the spot where he had left Winthrop and Jessie. Having walked a full hour without discovering them, he concluded to halt for the night, trusting he would see them in the morning. He seated himself beneath a tree, and anxiously waited for the light of dawn. It came in a few hours, and mounting a hillock, the young man

swept the country far and near, with his keen glance. Far away to the north and east, he saw the dark-blue waters of the sea; to the westward, lofty mountains, crowned with snow and rolling clouds, but no sign of a human being. He was on the point of descending the hill, when he noticed a group of cedar trees that skirted the edge of a gully, about two hundred yards ahead of him.

"I am not certain," he muttered, "but it seems to me that Warren and I were carrying Jessie past those very trees last night, when we saw the light. I'm half convinced it was there I left the two when I started off to reconnoiter."

As he spoke, he heard a loud shout; a beckoning arm was thrust out from the topmost branches of one of the trees; the next moment, Guy Warren lowered himself by means of one of the limbs, and sprung to the ground. He was quickly joined by Jessie, who had hitherto been concealed by the trunk of the tree. She sprung forward, joyfully, to meet Jack, as he came on. Soon, both her hands were clasped in his.

"At last!" she exclaimed. "We thought we had lost you again—that you had been recaptured!"

Jack gave an account of his adventures since he left them, and Jessie trembled and turned pale, when he described the struggle on the ledge.

Warren said he was very sorry he was not with his friend to help him.

"You couldn't have done much, as there were six of them," replied Jack. "And now, I think the sooner we continue our journey toward the coast, the better."

Jessie was requested to take her place upon the stretcher. She said she could walk, but her companions would not consent, and she was soon being borne along upon her conveyance.

The three were now much fatigued, and both hungry and thirsty, but they looked very cheerful, as they moved on toward the watery expanse in the distance. By noon they were within five miles of the coast, when they halted near a running spring, to drink and bathe their faces.

"Thank heaven, our troubles are nearly ended," cried Jack, soon after, as he descended from the summit of a high rock.

"The Walrus is in sight, lying at anchor near the coast. I can make out her top-yards and masts."

Jessie uttered a joyful cry.

"Is it possible we are so near as that? Oh, this is good news indeed."

Notwithstanding her recent hardships, she looked so pretty, with her flushed cheeks, her bright eyes, and her dark hair falling in rippling waves over her neck and shoulders, that the young men could not help showing their admiration.

She turned aside, while a pleased but shy smile hovered around the corners of her mouth.

Soon, the three were ready to proceed; but they had not walked many steps, when from behind a low mound, directly ahead, up rose the forms of the gigantic Hong and his companions.

Jessie uttered a low shriek, her companions put down the stretcher, determined to protect her to the last. With drawn knives, the Coreans sprung toward them, when the young girl darting forward, confronted them with clasped hands, and besought them to spare the lives of her friends. Without heeding her, they threw themselves upon the two men, hurled them to the ground, and had lifted their knives above the prostrate forms to strike, when Jessie again interposed.

"No, no," she exclaimed. "Spare them! spare them! You must not, you shall not, kill them!"

Hong was evidently touched by the thrilling voice of the fair pleader. He said something to his men, who proceeded to bind the hands and feet of the officers, and to secure the wrists of the girl.

When this was done, Hong addressed the latter in broken English.

"Two my men been killed; that's why dese two mus' die!"

"They killed your men in self-defense," replied the young girl. "Why, then, should you take their lives? You will not—you will spare them, and when we get aboard the ship I will make you a handsome present. You shall have money, clothes—any article you prefer."

The eyes of the Corean glittered; he drew his men aside, and a brief consultation was held, after which the giant again spoke to Jessie.

"I'm not willing—others not willing to save life of *both* men for *cash*, cloth or anything else. We say one of you *three* mus' die at any rate; that satisfy."

"You will not be so cruel. You shall have hundreds of dollars—you—".

"Mus' die," interrupted the Corean, harshly. "Kill *one*, you *choose* which!"

So saying, he procured a large stone which he placed upon the ground, close to the prostrate men.

"When *choose*," he continued, turning to Jessie—"when choose which you have me kill, me put his head on this stone and quick cut his throat!"

Vainly she endeavored to change his purpose; he turned aside, his brows wrinkled fiercely, and at last he seemed to lose all patience.

"Well, if no choose which to kill—kill *both*!" he roared, and knife in hand, he sprung toward the two men.

"Hold!" exclaimed Jessie, "I will make my choice!"

"Well dat!" said the giant, stepping back. "Choose quick! No too much talk."

The young girl looked down upon her two friends, a strange light shining in her eyes; her face was very pale but resolute; a sad but resigned smile hovered around her mouth.

"Good-by, dear Jack; good-by, both!" she said; then advancing, she kneeled and bowed her head upon the surface of the stone.

"This is my choice!" she cried. "Come, I am ready to die!"

An exclamation of surprise, not unmixed with admiration, burst from the Coreans. They drew back.

"Thank God! they will not kill her!" broke from both the young officers, at once.

"No want to kill woman while men to kill," cried Hong, advancing, and pulling her to one side. "If *dat* way you choose, must choose myself."

And, in spite of her entreaties, he dragged Jack to the stone, pulled his head backward over the surface of it with one hand, while with the other he grasped his collar, and ordered one of his men to perform the cruel deed.

Jessie sprung forward to interpose, but she was seized, and held firmly. The man drew his knife, and lifted it to deal a fatal blow, when the report of a gun was heard, and a bullet whizzed past his temple. The dusky gang turned, to behold an old sailor, who had just emerged from a clump of shrubbery, about fifty yards behind them.

"Blake!" cried Jessie, "thank God, it is Tom Blake!"

"Ay, ay!" shouted the scaman, "and mighty sorry am I that my bullet missed. I've some more, here, however, which I hope may serve me a better trick!"

And he proceeded to reload.

Instantly, the giant, ordering his men to follow him, sprung toward the old sailor, who retreated backward until his pursuers were quite close to him, when, having by this time loaded his piece, he aimed it at the foremost, and fired.

The man fell with a wild scream—the blood streaming from his shattered temple, while his companions, yelling fiercely, dashed on. Blake now turned and fled with the speed of a deer toward a mass of shrubbery skirting the small valley; but he had scarcely gained the bushes, when he stumbled and fell crashing among the slender twigs.

The Coreans fairly shrieked with exultation, brandishing their knives as they came on; but before they could touch their intended victim, a dozen sturdy seamen sprung from behind the shrubbery, armed with lances and harpoons. At this unexpected sight, the natives halted, wheeled round, and fled toward that part of the coast where they had left their boat. Some of the whalers pursued them for a short distance, when they were recalled by Captain Bluff, who commanded the party.

"So much for them blasted ding-dongs!" cried Blake; "and now we'd better go to the place where the three we're after are a-lying tied up like so many sheep, with the exception of one who is a lamb."

"What? You don't mean to say—"

"Ay, ay," interrupted Blake, "the whole three of 'em are there; I saw 'em with my own eyes. They are close to the spring near which we rested last night, and where I was a-going to get a drink of water, when I saw the 'ding-dong about to cut Jack's throat which—"

The captain did not wait for him to finish the sentence. He and his party soon were with the late prisoners.

Their cords were cut, when Jessie sprung forward, grasping the hands of sailor Tom.

"You are a nice, good man!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how can I thank you sufficiently for what you have done?"

"Why, no, Miss Jessie," he replied. "I deserve no thanks, seeing as it was mere accident that brought me along just at the right time. But, bless your pretty eyes, what a scare you gave us all, there on the beach, when we came back from our search t'other day, and found you were gone."

"You must have been astonished—"

"That doesn't express it, lass. I felt as if the beach was a-running along under my feet and all the rocks was a-swimming before my eyes. It's dreadful to lose the gal, thinks I, when we've all got so used to her and she seems like a little sister to us all. We were all taken aback, d'ye see; some of my shipmates cried, some looked very black, and them that was superstitious said you'd been spirited away by mermaids or some of them species of fish. I didn't believe *that*, though I didn't wonder any the less about your being gone so queer like, until casting an eye toward the sand where it had been softened by the water, what should I see but the tracks of feet, all of 'em very large except two which wasn't any bigger than little sea-shells. Then things seemed to get brighter. I climbed a high rock, and running my eye along the coast, the first sight I see is a whale-boat close to it, the crew a-paddling like mad, and another boat some distance off in chase of it. Instantly, I whipped out my spy-glass, and took a good survey, when I was sartain I could distinguish in the head boat the gleam of your dress, and also that of a pair of duck pants agreeing with them that Jack wore when he fell overboard; besides the top of a woolen cap, which, thinks I, is marvelous like the one Warren had on when we were after the whale. Well, putting all these things together, I come to the conclusion first that *you* were in that boat, second that Jack and Warren were there too—the three of you prisoners—though I was puzzled to guess how all this came about.

"I darts down the rock and tells my men what I've seen, and we run around to where our boat is and signalize the

ship. The captain puts off with a good crew, and on hearing my story sends three of the men back with my boat, while we pulls off in the other in s'arch of you and the two who were prisoners with you. On pulling round the point, hows'ever, we could no longer see any thing of either of the two boats that I had sighted.

"We pulled ahead though, for some time, but still seeing nothing, we concluded that the parties had landed and were a tramping it. So we went ashore, s'arched until near midnight, and then camped awhile near this spring, intending to continue our s'arch in the morning. That we might be more out of sight, hows'ever, in case any 'ding-dong' should be a-spying on us, we finally moved to a small valley, fringed with brushwood, about three hundred yards from here. At dawn, I started for this place to get a drink of water, when—but you know all the rest. I had brought my gun with me, thinking I might see some deer to shoot, which is plenty, I hear, in these parts; and mighty glad I am now I did bring it, for it's done me a good service. Now," he added, "I suppose you three are nearly famished; if so these will serve the purpose of a lunch."

And from one of his capacious coat-pockets he drew forth a small bag containing crackers, with some slices of meat. Of these the two gladly partook, and while they were eating, Jack related to Bluff and his party, his own and Warren's adventures since the day of the whale-hunt.

Soon after, they proceeded toward the coast; in the course of a couple of hours they reached the spot where the captain had secured his boat. All entered the craft with the exception of Warren.

"Jump in!" cried Bluff.

"No sir," answered Guy. "I will not set foot on the deck of your craft."

"What? You haven't got over that whim yet? Come, don't be a fool!"

But neither remonstrances nor entreaties—not even the supplications of Jessie, could shake his resolution; he waved his arm to the crew and moved off among the rocks.

"Pull ahead!" cried Bluff, losing all patience, "pull ahead!" And the oars splashed in the water.

"I shall come for him, again!" cried Jack. "He shall not be left upon this coast if I have to carry him off by force. The Coreans, I dare say, are even now hidden somewhere among the rocks watching us."

"Ay, ay," said Blake, "and if Warren isn't careful he'll be taken again. Supposing you leave some of us ashore now, captain, to defend the young chap in case he's attacked."

"No," replied Bluff, "I won't stop for that now. If any thing happens to him it'll be his own fault. I shan't object to his being brought aboard by force, if some of the rest of you choose to do it. *I've* done all *I* shall do about the matter."

Half an hour later, the party boarded their ship, which was anchored about a mile from the coast, and with a cry of joy, the captain's wife folded Jessie in her arms.

A ship's discipline could not keep the crew away from the quarter-deck at such a time. The men who had not seen Jack since he fell overboard, on the night of the gale, crowded around him to shake hands, and ask many questions. After he had satisfied their friendly curiosity, he ordered his boat to be lowered and manned; the light craft, with a good crew, was soon gliding toward the beach.

Warren, seated on the summit of a high rock, from which he had been watching a distant sail, saw the boat, and, recognizing Jack in the stern-sheets, guessed his errand. He rose, and waving his hand as a signal for the third-mate to return to his ship, he darted off among the rocks, soon disappearing from the sight of the approaching crew. They landed and searched in vain for the young officer until nightfall, when they returned to their boat.

"We'll have to give him up," said Blake, who was one of the party, "The captain intends to get up the anchor at daylight; we'll have to leave the poor chap to be captured and made a slave of after all."

"Ay, ay, there seems no help for it," said Jack, disconsolately, "though I shall try to persuade the skipper to remain here a few days longer so that we can make another trial."

"It'll be no use," answered Blake, "the skipper won't consent. The craft is in ticklish quarters in case it should come

on to blow from the south'ard. No anchor could then keep her from going ashore."

As the boat glided off, Warren emerged from a hollow formed by a pile of rocks about twenty yards from the strand. He listened until the splashing of the oars could no longer be heard, then he walked to the edge of the beach.

"I have escaped the importunities of my friends," he muttered. "Still, I intend to leave the coast as soon as possible. I will at once search for my whale-boat, which, I trust, is in the same place where the Coreans left it. With this I may succeed in reaching the sail which was visible this morning to the eastward; there being a dead calm, she will not make much headway."

Accordingly, as soon as the moon rose, he commenced his search. After clambering over many lofty rocks and occasionally wading knee-deep in water, in order to pass some projecting point, he found himself upon the shores of the bay where the boat had been concealed. There were many piles of rocks upon the beach, forming numerous hollows; but he had forgotten in which of these the vessel had been stowed away. He searched a full hour before he succeeded in finding it. He then perceived he must wait for the tide to rise before he could launch it. Seated upon a rock, he watched the water creeping gradually up the strand; he thought he had never before seen it rise so slowly. A breeze was now ruffling the sea; soon, a mass of dark clouds spread over the sky, shrouding the moon from his sight. The waves rolled, clashing upon the beach; the wind freshened every moment; he could now scarcely hope to reach the sail he had seen. Still, he resolved to make the trial; when, at last, the boat's keel was submerged, he seized the light craft, and had pulled it from the hollow, when the low murmur of voices broke upon his ear. He leaned forward and was able to make out several dark objects, gliding along the water, close to the shore. He crouched behind the rock, and a moment later saw two boats, filled with men, pass within a few yards of his position. A sudden suspicion flashed upon his mind; he waited a few minutes, then launched his boat and sprung into it. Sculling it without noise, he followed in the wake of the two boats, but at such a distance that their occupants could not see him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DECK COMBAT.

"WELL," said Captain Bluff, as Jack sprung aboard after his unsuccessful search for Warren, "I see you haven't brought your man."

"No, sir ; he hid himself where we couldn't find him. He will, I fear, be recaptured and killed. If you would only remain here a few days longer—"

"It isn't to be thought of. We are going to have a gale, in the course of thirty-six hours, and if we stay here, nothing can save us. We must get up anchor at daylight."

So saying, he walked into the cabin.

Suddenly, Jack felt a hand upon his arm ; he turned, and by the light of the lantern hung up in the mizzen-rigging, saw the sweet face of Jessie Howard close to his shoulder. She looked pale and anxious ; when she spoke, her voice was unsteady.

"You have not brought him off?"

"No ; we could not find him. Poor fellow, I'm afraid he'll suffer fearfully on account of his obstinacy."

"Is there—oh! is there no possible way to get him on board?" she inquired, clasping her hands.

"I'm afraid not ; we get up anchor to-morrow."

She sighed heavily, and bowed her forehead on the palms of her hands.

"I will go into the cabin, and try to persuade the captain to stay ; perhaps he will not refuse me."

And she darted through the companion-way.

"She loves him," muttered Jack. "Ay, I'm quite certain of it, now ; else, why should she be so anxious on his account. Well, let it be so," he added. "I can give her up to such a noble rival, if she prefer him, even though it darken the rest of my life. Her happiness is paramount to every thing else ; my own selfish feelings shall not interfere with it. If she persuade the captain to remain here awhile longer,

and we succeed in getting this Warren aboard, I shall not be the man to—”

He paused, on seeing Tom Blake.

“It is my watch on deck,” said the old sailor. “You must go below and get the sleep which you’re sadly in need of, I’ll be bound.”

Accordingly, the young man made his way to his bunk; but several hours elapsed before he could compose himself to sleep. Meanwhile, the fourth mate, carelessly sauntering along the deck, heard the wind whistling in the rigging. The ship began to rock; her cable rattled; the masts and yards creaked.

“The ‘old man’ (the skipper of the ship) was right,” muttered Blake, “we’ll have to get up anchor and away from the ‘ding-dong’ coast at daylight. A gale, and a heavy one, too, is a-brewing.”

Suddenly, he thought he heard a noise as of a paddle striking against the side of a boat. It seemed to come from some quarter astern, and, leaping upon the round-house, he peered keenly through the darkness. He could see nothing, however, and, believing he had been deceived by some noise in the cabin, he returned to the quarter-deck. A few minutes later, he heard the sound of a steering-oar under the counter; he sprung to the rail just as a figure climbed it and jumped to the deck.

“Ay, ay, now,” exclaimed Blake, recognizing Warren, “I’m glad to see you’ve got over your obstinacy; mighty glad you’ve come aboard of us, seeing as we are a-going to get up the anchor at daylight.”

“Yes, I have come aboard to warn you and help defend your ship; no other consideration could have tempted me to set foot on the deck of this craft.”

“I don’t understand you.”

“There is no time to lose!” cried Warren, quickly. “Two boat loads of Coreans are coming to take the vessel. I have been watching ‘em—following ‘em, a short distance. They have made a wide *detour* so as to get under the ship’s head, which it’s evident they think they can do without being seen. Call all hands, and let them arm themselves at once! The rascals must even now be close to your bows. If they get

aboard before you are ready to receive them, nothing can save you. They probably intend to massacre the crew and plunder the vessel."

The fourth-mate ran into the cabin to wake the officers; Warren darted forward and roused all hands.

When the astonished skipper came on deck, he found his crew of thirty men all stationed near the bows, armed with lances, harpoons, hatchets, crowbars, etc. Guy Warren stood upon the knightheads, peering through the gloom ahead.

The captain sprung to his side and grasped his hand.

"God bless you, for coming so promptly to help us. Where are they?"

Guy pointed off the lee bow, in which direction, scarcely twenty yards distant, the skipper saw the dark outlines of the boats as they came dashing on.

"The rascals must number fifty at the least," said he, "while we are but thirty-two. There is some difference; but we must beat them off—ay, ay, we *must* beat 'em off. Remember, lads," he added, turning to the crew, "there are two women in this ship."

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the low response, and the clenched teeth of the men showed like chalk-lines in the gloom.

"Where's my third-mate?—where's Jack?"

"Loaded to the muzzle, sir!" cried a deep voice at his side, and turning, the captain saw Winthrop, his shirt-sleeves rolled above the elbows and a lance in his hand.

"What's that you've loaded?"

"The old ten-pounder. I've loaded it almost to the muzzle, with old pieces of iron for shot! It will do us good service!"

"You are right!"

At that moment, the foremost boat glided under the bow.

"Give it to 'em!" thundered Bluff, and a dozen harpoons were showered among the dusky Corsairs.

Then followed shrieks of rage and pain; the boat was pushed from the vessel and paddled alongside of the other, the crew of which were now resting on their paddles, about half a ship's length from the Walrus.

For several minutes, their voices were heard, mingling in a confused manner; then, with loud shouts, they whirled their

paddles through the water, and dashed alongside of the ship's lee quarter.

The skipper promptly led his men aft; they cheered as they sprung to the rail, thrusting their lances and harpoons at the Koreans, who endeavored to scale the ship's side. Many were forced back, but a few, by running along the plank-shear, contrived to gain a footing on deck. Though now assailed in front and rear by superior numbers, the crew of the Walrus fought with the most determined courage, hurling their lances and wielding crowbars and handspikes with great rapidity. The darkness troubled both parties—rendering it difficult to distinguish friend from foe. Huddled together on the deck, in one general mass, however, the combatants soon came to close quarters, when a desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued. Mingling with the yells of the dusky foe, were heard the deep, fierce voices of the seamen, the clashing of knives, the occasional report of a pistol and the gasping and groaning of the wounded. Deprived of his lance by one of his enemies, who, from behind, had wrenched the weapon from his grasp, Jack Winthrop was suddenly hurled to the deck, by the gigantic Hong, who, planting his knee upon his breast, lifted his knife with the intention of cutting his throat! In fact, he was on the point of making the deadly thrust when Tom Blake, armed with his gun, sprung toward the giant, and whirling his piece around his head, brought the stock down upon the skull of the native with crushing force.

"All right, lad!" he exclaimed, as the huge body fell back, lifeless to the deck. "You have a whole skin, yet, though how long it'll be so, I won't pretend to say!"

These were his last words. The man who snatched away Jack's lance, suddenly bent forward and thrust the weapon through his body.

Winthrop seized the rascal by the throat, and drawing his sheath-knife drove it to the hilt in his bosom. As the man fell, however, three of his friends rushed at Winthrop, brandishing their daggers. Picking up the cover of a line-tub, he used it as a shield, parrying their thrusts, until a couple of his shipmates came to his assistance, when his adversaries retreated until they were reënforced by several of their party; they then made a dash at the three Americans. With an

iron crowbar snatched from the hand of a dead sailor, Winthrop struck down one of his assailants; his two friends being provided with large mincing-knives, hacked away at the others, cutting their faces dreadfully, when they heard a fierce shout behind them, and turning, beheld, by the light of the ship's lantern, three natives making toward them. Backing to the rail, the seamen, snatching up a couple of boat-drags, stood firm; they could hope for no assistance from their shipmates, who were now desperately engaged on the other side of the quarter; they must defend themselves as best they could against six men, and in the meanwhile, endeavor to gain the opposite deck. Yelling and brandishing their knives, the party rushed upon the two, who, parrying their thrusts with the drags, slowly edged along toward the wheel, hoping to pass around it and reach their friends. Guessing their intention, however, the Coreans separated, three of them springing to the wheel and the others continuing the assault forward of the binnacle.

"Now then!" cried Jack, "now for a dash upon those in front of us! We can defeat them before the others join them! Follow me!"

And with a bound, he threw himself upon one of his antagonists, making a desperate thrust with his sheath-knife. The native avoided the blow, however, by twisting himself to one side; the weapon merely grazed his arm, and Jack falling forward, the point of his knife penetrated the deck, causing the blade to break short off near the handle! Before he could regain his feet, the Corean sprung upon him, to stab him between the shoulders; when Jack rolled over, and the point of the weapon passed slantingly through the lining of his jumper, grazing his breast. Seizing his antagonist by the hair of his head, the young man pulled him to the deck, grasped his throat with one hand, and held him in such a position that he could not see in what direction to strike. The Corean, however, made several random thrusts, and had inflicted a few slight flesh wounds, when his head was almost severed from his body by the blow of a mincing-knife, dealt by one of Jack's companions, who, with their formidable weapons had just driven back their two adversaries. All this had transpired in a few minutes; but as Winthrop sprung

to his feet, the three men, who had been stationed near the wheel, dashed toward the sailors, when they were joined by the two who had retreated. Stepping quickly backward, however, the seamen succeeded in joining their shipmates, who, being now reduced to twenty-four, by the death of seven good men, were slowly "Backing" toward the forward part of the ship, hard pressed by almost twice their number.

"Good God, men!" cried Jack, "must we give way before these rascals?"

"Ay, ay," whispered Captain Bluff, "it's strategy! If the fiends hadn't contrived to close in upon us, so as to make us fight hand to hand, we might have settled 'em with our lances and harpoons; but these were no good in a close struggle, and so we were obliged to throw 'em away and take to hatchets, crowbars, and other short weapons, which gave the ding-dongs an advantage. It's for that reason, d'ye see, that I've ordered a retreat as far as the ten-pounder; and that's what I call strategy."

"Ay, ay, but after—"

"Why then, a dash, a desp'rit dash! We must either drive the rascals off or be killed to a man; that's my strategy!"

As he spoke, a man with a lighted torch bounded past them; it was Guy Warren.

"Forward, men—a rush forward!" roared Bluff. He was promptly obeyed.

Screaming and yelling exultantly, the Coreans came rushing on, when Warren applied the torch to the ten-pounder.

A torrent of flame leaped from the muzzle of the piece; a crash like that of a thunderbolt made the whole ship tremble; wounded and dying, a dozen natives fell writhing to the deck as the iron hail came howling and shrieking among them; groans and cries of dismay rung through the vessel.

"Now then—a good dash, and the victory's ours!" thundered Bluff.

With a deafening cheer, the seamen rushed upon their foes, showering blows right and left. At first, the Coreans retreated, then rallied and fought with great desperation. The clashing of knives, the heavy thug! thug! of blows dealt and received, the fierce exclamations of the seamen, the yells

of their antagonists, and above all the deep lion voice of Bluff, made such a din as is seldom heard aboard a whale-ship!

The captain, with an enormous whaling sword—his pistols being too heavily loaded had cracked at the first discharge—dealt many good blows around him.

"Fight on, men, fight on!" he now shouted. "We'll get the better of 'em yet!"

A tall native, dodging under the speaker's uplifted arm, raised his knife to deal him a blow in the back. The skipper, however, turned in time to cleave the man's neck with a tremendous, sweeping blow of his sword.

"Strategy!" he exclaimed, as the native fell dead at his feet.

"Whiz-z-z!" came a lance, passing within an inch of his temple.

Warren picked up the weapon, and seeing the person who had darted it perched upon the rail, he sprung forward, took good aim, and hurled it through the man's body. He shrieked and fell backward into the sea. The next moment, the portly Chung, gliding behind the young officer, drew back his knife to stab him between the shoulders.

"Strategy!" cried Captain Bluff, as his long sword almost took off the fellow's head.

Both their leaders being now dead, the Coreans seemed to lose courage. They retreated slowly toward the lee-rail; the seamen pressed upon them with great vigor; they turned and made another stand. It was of brief duration; their infuriated opponents dashing upon them, and dealing a steady shower of blows with hatchets, mincing-knives, crowbars, handspikes and other implements, drove them into their boats under the quarter in which some of them had already deposited their wounded.

As the boats left the ship, Bluff turned to his mate and grasped his hand.

"They're licked, blast 'em!" cried the first officer.

"Ay, ay," replied the captain, "and it was strategy that did it."

Lanterns were lighted; the dead, with heavy weights attached to their feet, were launched overboard. As the water

closed over the body of Tom Blake, there was not a dry eye among the surviving seamen, all of whom had loved and respected the old tar.

"Now then for the women!" cried the skipper, turning to Jack. "We must go down and quiet their fears. I locked the door of the cabin just before the fight, so that they couldn't come out."

The two men were soon in the state-room; obeying an impulse she could not resist, Jessie threw her arms around the young officer's neck, and leaned her head upon his shoulder. The next moment, however, as if ashamed of her boldness, she drew back, blushing deeply.

"You are safe—alive and well—thank God!" she cried. "The noise of the combat was dreadful. I feared the worst. But how is *he*? he has not been injured I hope?"

"If you mean Guy Warren, he is alive and well!"

She clasped her hands; tears of joy came to her eyes.

"I am so glad of that," she murmured.

The news of Blake's death and of the loss of six of the ship's best men, affected her almost as much as if they had been her father and brothers.

The captain's wife was also much grieved.

"Well," said Bluff, "we must expect losses in such an encounter. The 'dongs' outnumbered us; it couldn't be helped."

"It is a wonder you gained a victory over so many."

"Strategy!" cried Bluff. "It was strategy that did it. The men behaved well too—especially Warren, who fought like a lion."

"I must thank him for his assistance," said Mrs. Bluff, rising. "I will go to him at once."

"And I too," said Jessie, blushing deeply as she encountered Jack's uneasy glance.

"He is a noble fellow," said the young man, smothering his jealousy; "he well deserves your thanks."

They ascended to the deck, and Jack inquired for Warren.

"He's gone!" said the mate; "he jumped into his boat a minute ago, saying that as the Coreans had been driven away, he would not stay in the ship a moment longer!"

"Strategy!" growled Bluff, "there's strategy for you. Why, blast me, he's the most foolish boy I ever saw!"

He snatched a speaking trumpet from the mizzen fife-rail, and applied it to his lips.

"Ahoy, there, you Warren, come back!"

"Good-by, Captain Bluff!"

"Come back—the *ladies* want to see you!"

"Give my respects to them, and tell them if they were aboard any other ship, I would not refuse their request!"

"Come back, man—come back, I tell ye. There's a gale of wind a-brewing; you'll be in the same strait you were before!"

There was no response.

"Rash man," muttered Jessie, mournfully, "will nothing tempt him to come back?"

A sudden happy thought seemed to strike the captain. He bit off nearly the half of a plug of tobacco; then winked at the two females.

"Strategy will fetch him," said he, "there's nothing like strategy!"

And he applied the trumpet to his mouth.

"We're to be attacked again!" he shouted; "will you desert us at such a time?"

For several minutes there was no sign that Warren had heard him; then the noise of the boat splashing through the water as it approached the ship, was heard.

"All right!" cried Bluff, rubbing his hands. "Ho! ho! I didn't think, though, he could be 'gulled' so easy."

"He hasn't been!" said the mate, in a solemn voice, as he pointed toward the coast. "See! there *is* evidently a chance of our being attacked again!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"BLOW, WINDS, AND CRACK YOUR CHEEKS."

LOOKING in the indicated direction, his companions saw a number of lanterns moving to and fro along the coast; a murmur like that of an approaching tempest—the noise of at least a hundred voices—was borne to their ears.

"Ay, ay, you are right, sir!" cried Bluff, striking the capstan with his clenched fist. "The noise of the fight has drawn swarms of the rascals to the coast, all of 'em eager for plunder. There *will* be an attack made before morning."

The two females turned very pale.

"God have mercy upon us!" cried Jessie, "this is fearful!"

"Fear nothing. We shall cheat 'em this time, the rascals!"

And he ordered the mate to set the hands to work at once, getting up the anchor.

"The wind is about south!" he added, rubbing his hands. "If it holds long enough, we can give them 'dings' a clean pair of heels!"

At this moment was heard the noise of Warren's boat as it struck the ship's side. Mrs. Bluff advanced and grasped the young officer's hand.

"God bless you!" she said, in a voice of emotion. "Your mother should be proud of such a son; you have acted nobly; you fought for us like a lion."

"I simply did my duty, madam," he answered, smiling. "One could not very well help fighting pretty hard with such a pack of villains around him. Even a coward would fight if thus cornered!"

As he spoke, the noise made by the men heaving at the 'brakes' to get up the anchor, was heard.

"That sounds well," said he. "I must go forward and help. There is no time to lose."

And he darted off.

The murmur of voices mingled with the splashing of paddles, was now heard off the quarter.

"They are coming," said Jessie, turning pale

"Yes," replied the captain's wife, "but I trust we will get under way before they can reach us."

"Ay, ay, that we will, I've no doubt!" cried Bluff. "But you two had better go below. There's no knowing what *might* happen. All us officers must help the men at the 'brakes'!"

So saying, he ran forward, followed by Jack and his other two mates. They joined the workmen, and exerted themselves with "right good will." The cable rattled, the windlass creaked, the brakes clanged almost incessantly. Whenever there was a pause, the paddles could be heard off the quarter; the Coreans' boats were rapidly approaching. Suddenly, Bluff sprung to the rail and peered through the darkness.

"Lively there—lively, men!" he shouted. "I can see the outlines of the boats."

The crew cheered and exerted themselves manfully.

Soon, the anchor was almost clear, and some of the hands were ordered aloft to loosen the topsails.

"Hoist and sheet home!" thundered the skipper, as the ship's head suddenly swung round, "we are all clear!"

The men sprung to halliards and sheets; the captain took the helm, and, a few minutes after, the craft began to gather headway.

Bluff now called one of the hands to take his place, and jumped upon the round-house. Peering downward he saw by the light streaming through the cabin windows, one of the Coreans' boats, dashing up to the stern. A tall fellow in the bow drew out a long boat-hook, the point of which striking the sill of one of the windows, enabled him to pull his vessel close to the ship. He seized a rope, dangling from the round-house, and would have secured his boat with it, had not Bluff picked up a hatchet and hurled it with all his might at the rascal's head. The blunt edge of the instrument struck the Corean's skull, and he fell back senseless. With shouts of rage, the dusky crew whirled their paddles through the water, but the Walrus had now gathered so much headway that they were unable to gain upon her. Away she went, booming

along, with the spray flying over her bows and her weather-rail.

Bluff rubbed his hands, the pursuing boats were rapidly dropping astern; soon they were out of sight. Suddenly, however, the captain heard a noise that made his heart thump; the flapping of the ship's canvas. He sprung to the binnacle and looked at the compass; the mate came to his side at the same moment.

"We'll have to *brace the yards* a little, sir!"

"Ay, ay," answerd Bluff, uneasily, "but let it be as close as a hair's breadth."

The mate obeyed.

"Now then, mind what you're about!" cried the captain to the man at the wheel. "Keep her close!"

"Ay, ay, sir," and the Walrus was headed south by east, which brought the coast of the peninsula off her weather-quarter.

Bluff and his mate paced the deck side by side; the other officers were forward attending to the anchor.

"We can get a good offing if we can hold on this course a couple of hours," said the Sag Harbor man.

"Ay, ay, if we can, which I think is doubtful; the wind is hauling round in a queer way. We'll have a 'roarer' before daylight, and perhaps in the wrong direction—if so, God help us!"

"If we could only have finished getting up our new top-mast, we'd be better off," said the mate.

"Blast your *iffs!*" cried the captain, impatiently. "I wish there was no such words in the dictionary, and—"

The moon suddenly emerging from behind a cloud, both men sprung to the rail. They saw the coast about a league distant, with its rocky cliffs projecting far into the sea; also the Coreans' boats now speeding shoreward. They obtained only a momentary view; the moon was again shrouded, and they resumed their walk.

Rattle! rattle! Whis-s-sh! Flap! slap! slap! (aloft.)

They ran to the binnacle and looked at the compass; the wind had "knocked" the vessel off a point.

Bluff shrugged his shoulders, and again ordered the mate to *brace the yards*.

At the expiration of an hour the wind had hauled ahead, and the Walrus was running along on the starboard tack, under every thing she could carry, with the land off her lee-bow.

Good look-outs were stationed forward, and two of the best men in the ship were at the wheel; for the warning notes of the gale were now heard in the rigging.

"We'll weather the point of that blasted peninsula, on this tack, if it don't come on to blow too hard," said the mate.

"Ay, ay, there you go again with an *if!*!" cried Bluff. "Hows'ever, I believe you are right. Look sharp there at the wheel!"

Soon, a rushing, whizzing sound was heard to windward; the white foam of the waves was seen in that direction gleaming through the darkness.

"Here it comes!" shouted the mate.

A minute later, with a howl and a shriek, the gale pounced upon the ship. She keeled over almost on her beam-ends; with the foam and spray flying in clouds over her bows and weather-rail, she sped through the seething, hissing waters, tossing and plunging like a mad bull. Top-gallant sails were furled, and the men were ordered to stand by the topsail halliards. Still, Captain Bluff, pacing the deck with quick strides, and anxiously listening to the creaking and straining of masts and yards, hesitated to give the command to "clew down." With the point of that dangerous peninsula projecting seaward less than two leagues off his lee-bow, it was of the most vital importance to carry every stitch of canvas that could be borne. Occasionally, when the craft would almost roll her lee-rail under, or make some furious plunge that buried bows and windlass in the mad waters, the captain would pause as if about to issue the expected order. The next moment, however, as the ship righted, he would resume his walk.

And so, booming along with quivering timbers, with her spars bending like cornstalks and the gale humming and shrieking among her tautened shrouds, the Walrus, crippled though she was by the loss of her foretopmast, bravely fought with wind and wave, to weather the dangerous point. All around her the broad patches of foam, hissing and seething

upon the crests of angry "seas," emitted phosphorescent lights that flashed strangely through the gloom, showing the dark faces of the whalemen, who, grouped around the halliards like so many motionless statues, waited for the expected command. Suddenly the ship made a furious plunge, a snapping sound was heard, then followed a crash as the jib-boom gave way.

"Clear the wreck!" roared Bluff; and a couple of men with axes darted forward to obey.

They soon freed the vessel from the spar; but as they moved aft to deposit the axes in the carpenter's chest, a cracking noise, like that of a rifle, was heard aloft.

"Clew down! clew down!" thundered Bluff, through his speaking-trumpet.

The yards were lowered, and the sails were now ready for reefing. As the men darted aloft, the skipper ran forward, and leaning over the bow, peered anxiously through the gloom.

"It's an hour since the gale commenced!" cried the first officer, joining him. "I trust we'll pass the point."

Bluff made no answer. Bending far over the rail, he inclined his head, and for several minutes remained in a listening attitude.

"I hear a roaring," he said, at length, "which sounds marvelously like the breaking of the surf over rocks. Aloft there in the top, d'ye see any thing?"

"There's white water all around us, sir," was the reply. "So I can't make out for certain, whether what I see off the lee-bow is breakers or only the foam that's everywhere else!"

His doubts were soon cleared.

A hollow roar that could not be mistaken, was heard quite close under the lee.

"Down from aloft!" thundered the skipper, darting into the waist. "Lively! lively, men, and up with those topsail-yards again!"

The active tars were on deck in an instant, the yards were hoisted, and the ship darted on with the speed of a thunderbolt, plunging and rolling madly under her heavy weight of canvas. Crowding forward, all hands now anxiously watched the white water to leeward, and listened to the creaking and

snapping of the strained masts. It seemed as if the latter must go by the board, or the topsails be rent asunder.

"We might as well have reefed," said one of the men. "We'll never clear that point; the rocks are mighty close to us."

"Hush, blast ye, hush!" gritted Bluff, through his clenched teeth. "I'll knock ye into a cocked hat! The old craft *will* weather it—she *must* weather it. I'll have no croaking here!"

The skipper was a good seaman; his words inspired hope; the majority of his hearers believed that if the topmast held, the vessel would escape. Still, the near vicinity of the breakers made them compress their lips and breathe hard. Nearer and nearer to that luminous white streak of foam the vessel seemed to draw every moment, while the hollow booming of the surf among the rocks continually broke upon the ears of the anxious watchers.

Suddenly, looming up through the darkness, was seen the outline of a projecting cliff scarcely a quarter of a mile distant!

"Loose the foresail!" shrieked Bluff.

"She will never stand it!" cried the mate.

"She *must*! Bear a hand there! bear a hand!"

The first man aloft was Warren. He unwound the gasket from the lee yard-arm, and while one of the hands was unfastening the other, he stood in the bunt ready to let go the sail.

Soon, the canvas was slatting wildly in the wind, but seizing tack and sheets, the men secured it in time to prevent its being carried away.

"Now then, close, keep her close!" howled Bluff, to the men at the wheel.

So great was the force of the gale, however, that the men found it impossible to luff even a hair's breadth; the vessel still pursued her dangerous course, booming along with terrific velocity and burying bows and windlass at every plunge.

In the waist stood the foremast hands, clinging to ropes and belaying-pins, while with compressed lips and clenched teeth, they watched the dark cliff so close under their lee; further ast, the officers and boat-steerers formed a circle around

the trembling forms of Jessie and Mrs. Bluff, who had been summoned from below.

The cliff seemed to grow larger every moment. Soon it was scarcely twenty fathoms distant; "all hands" listened in breathless suspense, expecting every second to hear the grinding crash of the ship's keel among sunken rocks.

Onward, however, sped the gallant craft; the rugged wall now looked as if it might be touched with a long pole, the end of the main-yard almost grazed a projecting shelf, and there was a half-stifled murmur fore and aft; a shudder ran through every frame. The next moment a sort of shriek rung through the vessel; it was a cry of joy! The ship had passed the cliff, though at terribly close quarters; the open sea stretched beyond. She was safe!

"Strategy," cried Bluff, drawing a long breath, "that's what I call strategy."

"We are safe enough," said the mate, "if—"

"No more *ifs*, blast ye," interrupted the captain; "I won't listen to 'em."

"I was merely going to say, if nothing further happens, a leak for instance, or anything of that sort. I shan't consider we're entirely out of danger until the gale is over."

"You're a croaker, sir. Hows'ever, you're a good man for all that. We'll now have the topsails close-reefed and the foresail furled, after which, we'll go below and splice the main-brace."

CHAPTER IX.

HOMeward Bound.

By one o'clock on the following day, the violence of the gale having subsided, the Walrus was running on a north-east course, under top-gallant sails and main-royal. The sun, gleaming from an unclouded sky, warmed the decks of the ship and also the hearts of her crew. Whistling or humming old sea-tunes, the whalers worked away at the new topmast,

some of them hoisting on tackles, and others with marline-spike and mallet preparing blocks and stays.

On the quarter-deck stood Bluff, spy-glass in hand, watching a vessel to leeward, that lay with her main-yard aback, evidently prepared for a "gam."

"She'll get no gam out of me," growled the skipper, after he had concluded his survey. "My men are too busy. I can't spare the time for visiting."

And he hung his glass on the mizzen side-rail. Guy Warren, who had been conversing with Jack, on the other side of the deck, now took the instrument and leveled it at the stranger.

"It is my ship—the Eagle," he exclaimed. "Ay, ay, there she is, at last."

"Well, I suppose you're bound to leave us now," said the skipper. "Here's my hand, hows'ever, and if Captain Bluff can ever do you a service, just call on him. I ain't in the habit of asking a man's pardon; but, I ain't ashamed to ask yours, now, for putting you ashore, in the way I did. I should have landed you in some more civilized port."

"You acted as any other captain would have done under similar circumstances," replied Warren, "therefore, I have nothing to forgive. Your vessel is now out of danger, and I can leave it with a good conscience."

At that moment, Jessie and Mrs. Bluff emerged from the cabin, when they were informed of Warren's intended departure. They shook hands with him, thanking him warmly for the services he had rendered. While the three were still conversing, Bluff ordered his men to haul back the main-yard and lower the young officer's boat, which had been hauled up on the previous night.

Soon, with his boat's crew, he glided from the ship's side, heading toward the Eagle, now less than a mile distant. The men of the Walrus and also the two females watched him until he was aboard of his vessel, when the former gave three lusty cheers. A minute later, the Eagle's main-yard was braced forward, and she stood off to the north'ard.

Turning toward Jessie, as the Walrus glided upon her course, Jack noticed that the young girl was gazing thoughtfully toward the receding ship.

He touched her arm; she started, as if waking from a dream, and blushed as she met his glance.

"You will miss him very much, I suppose."

"Who?"

"Why, Warren, of course. He is a noble fellow; I don't wonder you like him so well."

"We *all* like him," she replied. "I should be proud of such a brother."

"You mean *husband*," said Jack, gloomily.

Jessie opened her brown eyes very wide; the expression of her companion's face—the manner in which he had spoken, revealed all that women are so quick at guessing. She colored deeply; a smile dimpled the corners of her mouth; she tapped the deck gently with the heel of one of her little boots. So he was in *her* power, was he? the brave Jack—who a few years before had so pompously proclaimed himself a father to her.

Couldn't she tyrannize over him *now*, if she chose? She knew very well she *could*; but then, she *wouldn't*. Somehow she had no disposition to do so; the very thought of such a thing made the tears come to her eyes. She would never play the coquette with her noble Jack; she would tell him the truth at once.

"I meant what I said," she answered, softly. "Mr. Warren, even if he were an *unmarried* man, could never inspire me with any feeling deeper than friendship."

"Oh! he is married then," cried Jack, his face lighting up.

"Yes, I thought you knew it, or I should have told you before."

Jack threw a quick glance around him. Mr. Bluff had gone below; the captain and mate were in the forward part of the ship; the man at the helm, being of short stature, was screened by the binnacle.

"You're an angel," murmured the young sailor, and stealing an arm around her waist, he kissed her. "You shall be my wife when we get home," he added.

"Oh, so you take it for granted," said the blushing girl. "I think I have something to say about *that*."

"Of course you have, and you'd better say it quick, while you have a chance. Here comes Bluff."

"Well, then—*yes!*"

And like a startled fawn, she darted into the cabin.

"Strategy," cried Bluff, as he confronted the young man. "What made *her* run off in that way? There must be some strategy about *that*."

"I hardly understand you," said Jack, looking quite unconcerned.

"Oh, I've seen it all, my lad. You can't blind me; I've been a-noticing the development of events this long time. Didn't I catch her once, a-kissing your miniature—the one, as she told my wife—you gave her just before we sailed? Ay, ay, I caught her at it—the little mermaid; and now I've had my weather-eye on you for the last fifteen minutes, and I saw you return the compliment by kissing *her*. It's all right, hows'ever, it's all right. And I'll add that you'll have considerable a-coming to you, as your share of the cargo, when you get home, so that you can get spliced as soon as you like; after which, I'll use my influence with the owners to make you captain of a good ship."

And without waiting for a reply, he dove through the companion-way:

About three months after the incident just described, the Walrus anchored off the port of Honolulu. She was now a full ship, and the captain intended to start for home in a few weeks. The men were set to work tarring down, painting, slushing, strengthening the stays, fitting new topsail yards, and otherwise preparing the ship for the passage. One day, while Jack was superintending some work forward, a canoe came alongside containing watermelons, bananas, cocoanuts, etc., which their owner, a tall, round-shouldered old Kanaka, offered to sell for money or tobacco. Winthrop conducted him aft to where Jessie was seated with "little Tom"—the guinea-pig, upon her lap, and requested the young girl to pick out some of the fruit for herself and Mrs. Bluff. She chose a bunch of bananas, and Jack took out his pocket-book to pay the man, when the latter shook his head, and pointed at the pig.

"Me like better dis little hog for pay, if you give me."

"No, you can not have that," said Winthrop; "it belongs to—"

"Me like very much," interrupted the islander. "See!"—pointing over the rail, toward his canoe, "give all fruit there for dis piganinny hog."

"No, it is a present from a friend. The young lady would not part with it for any price."

"Must have!" cried the native, as suddenly stooping, he snatched the pig from Jessie's lap, and bounded over the rail. In an instant, he was in his canoe, paddling shoreward with might and main.

Jack sprung into a whaleboat alongside, with a crew of good men, and started in pursuit. Away went the canoe, with the speed of a rocket, but the boat being manned with six good oarsmen, gained upon it rapidly. Soon, the two vessels were scarcely fifteen fathoms apart; it seemed as if the Kanaka must be overtaken in a few minutes. He doubtless would have been, had he not suddenly turned his light craft to one side, and directed it among some breakers now close to his bow. Here, the water rising to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, swept forward above the rocks for a considerable distance, with great velocity, so that an experienced hand was required to safely guide a boat over it. The Kanaka being used to riding the lofty breakers, the canoe of the fugitive shot steadily ahead, on the crest of the watery wall, and was soon upon the beach beyond. He had scarcely secured it, however, when he saw the whaleboat of his pursuers, as it was lifted on the crest of another surge; he turned, and fled swiftly toward the mountains with the pig in his arms. Crashing upon the beach, the boat rolled over, spilling out its occupants. They sprung to their feet, and all, with the exception of one man, who was left in charge of the injured vessel, started in pursuit of the native. Perceiving that they were gaining on him, he suddenly turned toward the town. His pursuers followed him so closely, however, that he was unable to conceal himself, so he moved on with unabated speed, in the direction of the water. Soon, he had reached a landing-place, near which a number of boats were secured. He sprung into one of them, but before he could unfasten the warp, Jack was upon him. He seized the thief by the throat with one hand, and thrust out the other for the pig, when the native threw the little creature far from him, into the water.

"Attend to this fellow!" cried Jack, as his companions approached, "while I go after the pig."

So saying, he let go of the man's throat, and springing into the water, struck out toward little Tom, who was struggling and squealing pitifully. As he drew near the animal, he saw something not far behind it, which he at first thought was a stick, but which he soon discovered was the fin of a shark.

Being now almost within arm's reach of little Tom, he threw himself forward, seized the creature with one hand, and with the other struck out for the boat, at the same time notifying his shipmates of his danger. One of the men had seized the Kanaka, and was beating him with his fists; the islander groaned and begged for mercy.

"Hold up, there!" shouted Jack; "who told you to treat the old man in that way?"

The sailor colored, and released the native, who now turning, saw the shark, which by this time was quite close to the swimmer.

A cry of horror burst from the spectators; they feared the monster would seize the young officer before they could reach him. The boat's warp had been cut, but as there were no oars, and as the tide was against them, they made but slow progress.

Nearer and nearer came that terrible fin, cleaving the water with great rapidity; soon it was scarcely a fathom from the young sailor; he turned his head and saw it, his cheek paled, he called upon his shipmates to make haste. Using their hands for paddles, they exerted themselves to the utmost, but the boat being a clumsy one, made but little headway.

A strange light now burned in the eyes of the Kanaka; he swung his long arms to and fro, his teeth were compressed, his nostrils dilated.

"Give knife!" he suddenly shrieked, turning to one of the sailors. "Me try save dat man!"

"You are a thief!" cried one, "we can't trust you. You want to get hold of the pig again."

"No, no," exclaimed another. "I've heard say that some of these Kanakas are good shark-fighters!"

And he gave the islander a well-sharpened knife.

The native grasped it with his right hand, then with a coarse cry he plunged into the water; a moment later, he rose between Winthrop and the shark.

"He's a 'gone case' at any rate!" cried one of the men.
"He'll sartainly be nabbed."

Up went the knife; the next moment it was sheathed in the body of the fish, when the native swam to one side. The infuriated monster lashed the water with its tail, turned itself with difficulty, and then dove, evidently with the intention of seizing its enemy, in the usual manner—under water. The islander also dove; a minute after, the surface of that part of the sea beneath which he had disappeared was discolored with a bloody circle.

"Lost! he's lost!" cried the spectators. "The shark's got him!"

At that moment, Jack came alongside of the boat and was helped into it.

He sprung up and glanced toward the red circle.

"Ay, ay, he *is* lost! He has sacrificed his life to save mine."

And the young man groaned.

A rippling noise was heard; up rose the shark—gashed and bloody—breeching nearly its full length out of the water

A moment later, the head of the islander also appeared above the surface.

"Hi! hi! hi!" gritted the Kanaka through his clenched teeth, and as the monster darted toward him, he swam to one side.

Again the shark, turning over, dove under water; some fresh clouds of blood were seen curling upward toward the surface.

"He's gone now, for sartain," cried one of the sailors.

"I fear you are right," replied Jack. "If we had only succeeded in getting the boat to where it is now, a minute sooner, we might have picked him up. Still, he may not have perished yet; we may be deceived as we were before."

In painful suspense, they watched the surface of the sea; minute after minute passed, but neither the Kanaka nor the shark was seen.

"There can be no doubt, now, that he's lost!" exclaimed Winthrop. "I can not bear the thought of his having sacrificed his own life for mine."

At that moment, the seamen heard a shout behind them; turning, they saw the old Kanaka in one of the boats alongside of the wharf. He stood triumphantly flourishing the knife, his iron-gray hair raining drops of water all over his tawny skin.

Winthrop uttered a cry of joy; soon, the boat he occupied was close to the one containing the islander. The young sailor grasped the old man's hand.

"You have saved my life. You—"

"Hi ! hi !" interrupted the Kanaka, "me save life, because you not let sailor beat me. Me got little sick daughter in hut among de mountains; can't walk; can't eat fruit; ask me for little piece of fresh pork; say like to eat the same; dat's why when go aboard ship, me steal piganinny hog! Never steal before."

"I will buy one of the captain's pigs for you," cried Jack. "We will go aboard at once, and you shall carry the animal ashore with you."

The whole party proceeded to the whaleboat; they reached the ship in good time; Winthrop bought a pig which he gave to the islander.

The old man thanked him with tears in his eyes; the pig was tied up and put into his canoe which he had brought with him; he paddled it ashore with a light heart.

Jessie was very glad when Winthrop, soon after, descended into the cabin and put little Tom into her arms. Her feelings, when Jack related the story of his narrow escape, and the old Kanaka's noble conduct, may be imagined. Tears rose to her eyes, when she learned the cause of the theft.

"The poor native probably thought he was justified, under the circumstances," she said. "I must see his sick child and make her a present."

She did so the next day. The little girl received a pretty silk sash, and Jack, who had accompanied Jessie to the hut, gave the old man a handsome pipe.

Two weeks after, the Walrus went bowling merrily out of the harbor on her homeward passage. In due course of

time, she arrived at New Bedford, and all hands were paid off. Jack received two thousand dollars as his share of the cargo ; he leased a neat little cottage on the outskirts of the town, and shortly after married Jessie, who proved herself a loving wife and an excellent housekeeper.

After performing a few lucky whaling voyages as captain, Winthrop, at the earnest solicitations of his wife, gave up his sea-life, and entered into partnership with a prosperous oil-merchant.

Lately, the happy couple received a visit from Guy Warren and his wife, who were preparing to set out for the West, in order to take possession of some property which had been bequeathed to them by a relative. Both looked well, and seemed much pleased with *three "little Winthrops,"* who came forward to shake hands with them.

"I am so glad," said Jessie, after she had embraced her fair friend, "that Guy has returned. There was a report, you know, shortly after the arrival of the '*Walrus*,' that the '*Eagle*' had foundered."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Warren ; "and although the report proved to be untrue, yet it is a fact that *Guy* had a very narrow escape with his life, during the homeward passage."

"Hardly worth mentioning," said Warren, carelessly.

"We will judge of that when we hear the story," replied Jack, smiling ; and as feminine curiosity was also roused, Guy was obliged to relate his adventure.

"The captain of the *Eagle*, as you have doubtless heard," he began, "was a singular character. He was addicted to the use of opium, and sometimes, while under its influence, he would rush from the cabin in his shirt-sleeves, with his long black hair streaming, his eyes flaming and rolling in his head, and threaten to knock all hands overboard if they did not 'conduct' themselves better.

"We could not understand the meaning of the last expression ; for a better crew than the *Eagle's* never sailed from New Bedford. It was evident that the opium sometimes made the skipper lightheaded.

"One day, while we were homeward bound, a heavy gale of wind came howling and shrieking over the sea, tossing the

old craft like a chip, and causing the topmasts to snap as if they were about to go by the board.

"Orders to clew down and reef were at once issued by the first mate, and the men sprung to clewlines and buntlines.

"Soon, the sails were ready for reefing, and wishing to assist the men, I sprung with them into the main rigging. It was as much as we could do to get to the yard; for the wind blew with such violence that our bodies were pressed to the shrouds, as if a number of unseen hands were pushing against our backs. We got to the footrope, at last, however, and I took my station on the end of the weather yard-arm, to haul out the earing. I was on the point of giving the usual command to 'haul out,' when I heard the captain ordering every man to come down from the yard.

"'The sail isn't reefed yet, sir!' I shouted. 'You don't want us to come down before we've reefed?'

"'Ay, ay,' interrupted the skipper fiercely, 'down you come at once, and let the sail remain as it is.'

"'That's a strange order, Captain Brown!' exclaimed the first officer, who stood upon the main hatch—'the sail is bound to go—ay, and perhaps the mast too, if we don't reef?'

"'I don't care, down you come!' cried the captain, in a voice of thunder. 'I'm master of this ship!'

"Glancing at the upturned face of the first mate, we saw him wink at us in a significant manner, and heard his voice, which was now too low to reach the captain's ear.

"'Reef away!' he said, 'the skipper don't know what he's talking about. He took an overdose of opium, a few hours ago, and it's almost set him crazy!'

"I nodded, and immediately gave the order to 'haul out to windward,' on hearing which, the captain bounded into the rigging like a tiger, and mounting to the yard, which he gained while the men were tying the reef-points, he moved toward me until within a few yards of my position, when he drew from an inside pocket a double-barreled pistol and leveled it at my head.

"'Hold!' shrieked the first officer, from below, 'for God's sake, captain, don't shoot. It was I who ordered him to reef, contrary to your command. It isn't his fault. He simply obeyed me!'

"The skipper, however, did not heed his mate; he pulled the trigger of the weapon, and but for a roll of the ship as he fired, the bullet must have penetrated my brain. As it was, it grazed the side of my temple, tearing off some of the skin."

"'Missed!' screamed the infuriated man, 'missed, but you shall not escape me for all that—no, not even if we both have to die together!'

"And he threw himself upon me, clutching me by the collar with both hands. I struggled to release myself, and several men advanced to my assistance; but before they could help me, my adversary succeeded in forcing me from the yard, and we both fell into the stormy waters of the sea.

"A wild cry, such as I never heard before, and never wish to hear again, pierced my ears as we rose struggling to the surface, and I felt the hand of the skipper tightly pressing my throat! My brain now seemed to whirl round and round like a top—a dim, yellowish mist floated before my eyes—the horrors of suffocation were upon me. Madly I whirled and twisted, to clear myself from that vice-like grasp; but my efforts were vain; the bony fingers of the infuriated skipper sunk deeper and deeper into my throat, every moment, and I believed that I was a doomed man. Meanwhile, the water rushed gurgling into my ears and mouth, and occasionally my tormentor would add to my sufferings by thrusting my head beneath a wave. His hold of my throat gave him every advantage of me—rendered me as helpless as a child. Still, I determined to meet my fate like a brave man; I composed myself as well as I could, and strove to prevent any outward expression of the fearful pain I suffered. Soon, however, I felt myself sinking into unconsciousness; my heart seemed to pause—darkness, darkness everywhere; my brain was half benumbed—my eyes felt as if they were bursting from my skull.

"Suddenly, however, I experienced a sensation of relief; the pure air of heaven rushed into my nostrils; the blood bounded through very vein—I opened my eyes upon some of my shipmates, who had dragged me into a boat which had been lowered from the ship!

"I raised myself on my elbow and looked round for the

captain; but he was not in the boat. I was informed that the moment my shipmates succeeded in forcing me from his grasp, he sunk beneath the surface.

"I have but little more to add.

"The gale having by this time subsided, we pulled in different directions for an hour; but no sign of the skipper rewarded our exertions; we were forced to return to the ship without him."

"Then the ship hadn't any captain!" cried one of the young Winthrops.

"The mate took command of her," replied Guy—"we reached New Bedford without further trouble, and that ends my story."

THE END.

BEADLE'S DIME

HAND-BOOK OF

YACHTING AND ROWING!

A COMPLETE MANUAL OF THE

Science and Practice of the two Pastimes.

EDITED BY HENRY CHADWICK,

AUTHOR OF "BEADLE'S DIME BOOK OF BASE-BALL," ETC.

This volume will be found very complete as a guide to the conduct of Watercraft, and full of interesting information alike to the amateur and the novice. The chapter referring to the recent great rowing-race between the Oxford and Cambridge clubs, on the Thames river, will be found particularly interesting. The following is a synopsis of the

CONTENTS.

ON YACHTING—The Yacht Clubs of England ; the Yacht Clubs of America ; Other Yacht Clubs ; Learning to Sail a Boat ; on Steering ; Regattas and Races ; Sailing Regulations ; Glossary of Nautical Terms.

ON ROWING—English Laws of Boat-Racing ; New York Clubs ; Hints to Rowers ; the Great Boat Race of 1867—Oxford versus Cambridge.

THE GREAT OCEAN YACHT RACE OF DECEMBER, 1866—The Start from New York ; the Logs of the Yachts.

THE HARVARD AND YALE COLLEGE CONTESTS.

For sale by all newsdealers ; or sent, *post-paid*, to any address, on receipt of price—TEN CENTS.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers, 118 William Street, N. Y.

BEADLE'S DIME

HAND BOOK OF

Riding and Driving!

A sure guide to correct Horsemanship, with complete directions for the road and field, and a specific section of directions and information for Female Equestrians.

Drawn largely from "Stonehenge's" fine manual, this volume will be found all that can be desired by those seeking to know all about the Horse and his management in harness and under the saddle.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers, 118 William Street, N. Y.

A CAPITAL STORY, THAT CUTS INTO CHARACTER LIKE A KNIFE.

(*New York Daily Commercial Advertiser.*)

NOW READY,

WHO WAS HE?

A STORY OF TWO LIVES.

BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR.

One volume octavo. Paper cover.

Few writers on this side of the water have written with more acceptance to the discriminating reading public than Mrs. Victor. Versatile in inventive faculty, keen in character perception, and thoroughly in earnest in all she writes, the productions of her pen are deservedly popular—alike in America and Great Britain.

"Who Was He?" as a romance of Life, is so cleverly narrated as to make one doubt if, indeed, it be fiction. Full of exquisite character-painting, singular in incident, and subtly managed as to story, it enchains attention from its first page, and gives that gratification which only comes from what is decidedly original and unexpected.

Sold by all newsdealers and booksellers; or sent, *post-paid*, on receipt of price—FIFTY CENTS.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers,

118 William Street, New York.